CHRIST'S VICTORIE, AND TRIumph in Heauen, and Earth, *over, and after death.*

Ite principium, tibi desuper accipe iussis
Carmina cepta tuis, atque hanc sine tempora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.

CAMBRIDGE
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BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Reader.

THear are but fewe of many that can rightly iudge of Poetry, and yet thear ar many of those few, that carry so left-handed an opinion of it, as some of them thinke it halfe sacrilege for prophane Poetrie to deale with divine and heauenly matters, as though *David* wear to be sentenced by them, for vtte-ing his graue matter vpon the harpe: others something more violent in their censure, but sure lesse reasonable (as though Poetrie corrupted all good witts, when, indeed, bad witts corrupt Poetrie) banish it with *Plato* out of all well-ordered Commonwealths. Both theas I will strive rather to satisfie, then refute.

And of the first I would gladlie knowe, whither they suppose it fitter, that the sacred songs in the Scripture of those heroicall Saincts, *Moses*, *Deborah*, *Ieremie*, *Mary*, *Simeon*, *David*, *Salomon*, (the wisest Scholeman, and wittiest Poet) should bee ejected from the canon, for wante of grauitie, or rather this errroure eraced out of their mindes, for wante of truth. But, it maye bee, they will giue the Spirit of God leaue to breath through what pipe it please, & will confesse, because they must needs, that all the songs dittied by him, must needs bee, as their Fountaine is, most holy: but their common clamour is, who may compare with God? true; & yet as none may compare without presumption, so all may imitat, and not without com-

mendation:

mendation: which made *Nazianzen*, one of the Starrs of the Greeke Church, that nowe shines as bright in heauen, as he did then on earth, write so manie diuine Poems of the Genealogie, Miracles, Parables, Passion of Christ, called by him Χριστὸς πάσχων, which when *Basil*, the Prince of the Fathers and his Chamberfellowe, had seene, his opinion of them was that he could haue deuised nothing either more fruitfull to others: because it kindely woed them to Religion, or more honourable to himselfe, ἦδὲν γὰρ μακαριώτερον ἐστι τῶ θεῶ ἀγγέλων χορείαν ἐν σῇ μιμεῖσθαι, because by imitating the singing Angels in heau'n, himselfe became, though before his time, an earthly Angel. What should I speake of *Iuvencus*, *Prosper*, & the wise *Prudentius*? the last of which liuing in *Hieroms* time, twelue hundred yeares agoe, brought foorth in his declining age, so many, & so religious poems, straitly charging his soule, not to let passe so much as one either night or daye without some diuine song, *Hymnis continuet dies, Nec nox vlla vacet, quin Dominum canat*. And as sedulous *Prudentius*, so prudent *Sedulius* was famous in this poeticall diuinity, the coetan of *Bernard*, who sung the historie of *Christ* with as much deuotion in himself, as admiration to others; all which were followed by the choicest witts of *Christendome: Nonnius* translating all Sainct *Iohns* Ghostpel into Greek verse, *Sanazar*, the late-liuing Image, and happy imitator of *Virgil*, bestowing ten-yeares vpon a song, onely to celebrat that one day when Christ was borne vnto vs on earth, & we (a happie change) vnto God in heau'n: thrice-honour'd *Bartas*, & our (I know no other name more glorious then his own) Mr. *Edmund Spencer* (two blessed Soules) not thinking ten years inough, layeing out their whole liues vpon this one studie: Nay I may iustly say, that the Princely Father of our Countrey (though in my conscience, God hath made him of all the learned Princes that euer wear the most religious, and of all the religious Princes, the most learned, that so, by the one, hee might oppose him a-

gainſt the Pope, the peſte of all Religion, and by the other, a-gainſt *Bellarmine* the abuſer of all good Learning) is yet ſo far enamour'd with this celeſtiall Muſe, that it ſhall neuer repent mee----*calamo triuiſſe labellum*, whenſoeuer I ſhall remember *Hac eadem vt ſciret quid non faciebat Amyntas*? To name no more in ſuch plenty, whear I may finde how to beginne, ſooner then to end, Saincte Paule, by the Exãple of Chriſt, that wente ſinging to mounte Oliuet, with his Diſciples, after his laſt ſupper, exciteth the Chriſtians to ſolace themſelues with hymnes, and Pſalmes, and ſpirituall ſongs; and thearefore, by their leav's, be it an error for *Poets* to be Diuines, I had rather err with the Scripture, then be rectifi'd by them: I had rather adore the ſtepps of *Nazianzen*, *Prudentius*, *Sedulius*, then followe their ſteps, to bee miſguided: I had rather be the deuoute Admirer of *Nonnius*, *Bartas*, my ſacred Soueraign, and others, the miracles of our latter age, then the falſe ſectarie of theſe, that haue nothing at all to follow, but their own naked opinions: To conclude, I had rather with my Lord, and his moſt diuine Apoſtle ſing (though I ſing ſorilie) the loue of heauen and earthe, then praiſe God (as they doe) with the woorthie guift of ſilence, and ſitting ſtill, or think I diſpraiſd him with this poetical diſcourſe. It ſeems they haue either not read, or clean forgot, that it is the dutie of the Muſes (if wee maye beeleeue *Pindare*, and *Heſiod*) to ſet allwaies vnder the throne of *Iupiter*, *ius & laudes, & beneficia* ὑμνεούσας, which made a very worthy German writer conclude it *Certò ſtatuimus, proprium atq; peculiare poetarum munus eſſe, Chriſti gloriam illuſtrare*, beeing good reaſon that the heavenly infuſion of ſuch Poetry, ſhould ende in his glorie, that had beginning from his goodnes, *fit orator, naſcitur Poeta.*

For the ſecound ſorte thearfore, that eliminat Poets out of their citie gates; as though they wear nowe grown ſo bad, as they could neither growe woorſe, nor better, though it be ſomewhat hard for thoſe to bee the onely men ſhould want ci-

ties, that wear the onely cauſers of the building of them, and ſomewhat inhumane to thruſt them into the woods, to liue among the beaſts, who wear the firſt that call'd men out of the woods, from their beaſtly, and wilde life, yet ſince they will needes ſhoulder them out for the onely firebrands to inflame luſt (the fault of earthly men, not heauenly Poetrie) I would gladly learne, what kind of profeſſions theas men would bee intreated to entertaine, that ſo deride and diſaffect Poeſie: would they admit of Philoſophers, that after they haue burnt out the whole candle of their life in the circular ſtudie of Sciences, crie out at length, *Se nihil prorſus ſcire?* or ſhould Muſitians be welcome to them, that *Dant ſine mente ſonum*-- bring delight with them indeede, could they aſwell expreſſe with their inſtruments a voice, as they can a ſound? or would they moſt approue of Soldiers that defend the life of their countrymen either by the death of themſelues, or their enemies? If Philoſophers pleaſe them, who is it, that knowes not, that all the lights of Example, to cleare their precepts, are borowed by Philoſophers from Poets; that without *Homers* examples, *Ariſtotle* would be as blind as *Homer:* If they retaine Muſitians, who euer doubted, but that Poets infuſed the verie ſoule into the inarticulate ſounds of muſique; that without *Pindar*, & *Horace* the Lyriques had beene ſilenced for euer: If they muſt needes entertaine Soldiers, who can but confeſſe, that Poets reſtore againe that life to ſoldiers, which they before loſt for the ſafetie of their country; that without *Virgil*, *Æneas* had neuer beene ſo much as heard of. How then can they for ſhame deny commonwealths to them, who wear the firſt Authors of them; how can they denie the blinde Philoſopher, that teaches them, his light; the emptie Muſitian that delights them, his ſoule; the dying Soldier, that defends their life, immortalitie, after his owne death; let Philoſophie, let *Ethiques*, let all the Arts beſtowe vpon vs this guift, that we be not thought dead men, whileſt we remaine among the liuing: it is

onely Poetrie that can make vs be thought liuing men, when we lie among the dead, and therefore I thinke it vnequall to thrust them out of our cities, that call vs out of our graues, to thinke so hardly of them, that make vs to be so well thought of, to deny them to liue a while among vs, that make vs liue for euer among our Posteritie.

So beeing nowe weary in perswading those that hate, I commend my selfe to those that love such Poets, as *Plato* speakes of, that sing divine and heroical matters. οὐ γὰρ οὗτοι εἰσὶν, οἱ ταῦτα λέγοντες, ἀλλ' ὁ Θεὸς, αὐτὸς ἐστιν ὁ λέγων, recommending theas my idle howers, not idly spent, to good schollers, and good Christians, that haue ouercome their ignorance with reason, and their reason, with religion.

FOnd ladds, that ſpend ſo faſt your poaſting time,
(Too poaſting time, that ſpends your time as faſt)
To chaunt light toyes, or frame ſome wanton rime,
Where idle boyes may glut their luſtfull taſt,
Or elſe with praiſe to cloath ſome fleſhly ſlime
With virgins roſes, and faire lillies chaſt:
While itching bloods, and youthfull eares adore it,
But wiſer men, and once your ſelues will moſt abhorre it.

But thou (moſt neere, moſt deare) in this of thine
Ha'ſt proov'd the Muſes not to Venus bound,
Such as thy matter, ſuch thy muſe, divine.
Or thou ſuch grace with Merci's ſelfe haſt found,
That ſhe her ſelfe deign's in thy leaues to ſhine:
Or ſtol'n from heav'n, thou broughts this verſe to ground,
Which frights the nummed ſoule with fearefull thunder,
And ſoone with honied dewes melts it twixt ioy, and wonder.

Then doe not thou malitious tongues eſteeme,
The glaſſe, through which an envious eye doth gaze,
Can eaſily make a molehill mountaines ſeeme;
His praiſe diſpraiſes, his diſpraiſes, praiſe.
Enough if beſt men beſt thy labours deem,
And to the higheſt pitch thy merit raiſe,
While all the Muſes to thy ſong decree
Victorious Triumph, Triumphant Victorie.

Phin. Fletcher Regal.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPVLL, AND REVEREND Mr. Doctour NEVILE, Deane of CANTERBVRIE, *and the Master of* TRINITIE *Colledge* in CAMBRIDGE.

8 Ne 11

Right worthie, and reverend Syr:

As I haue alwaies thought the place wherein I liue, after heauen, principally to be desired, both because I most want, and it most abounds with wisdome, which is fled by some with as much delight, as it is obtained by others, and ought to be followed by all: so I cannot but next vnto God, for euer acknowledge myselfe most bound vnto the hand of God, (I meane yourselfe) that reacht downe, as it were out of heauen, vnto me, a benefit of that nature, and price, then which, I could wish none, (one heauen itselfe excepted) either more fruitfull, and contenting for the time that is now present, or more comfortable, and encouraging for the time that is alreadie past, or more hopefull, and promising for the time that is yet to come.

For as in all mens iudgements (that haue any iudgement) Europe is worthily deem'd the Queene of the world, that Garland

both of Learning, and pure Religion beeing now become her crowne, and blossoming vpon her head, that hath long since laine withered in Greece and Palestine; so my opinion of this Island hath alwaies beene, that it is the very face, and beautie of all Europe, in which both true Religion is faithfully professed without superstition, and (if on earth) true Learning sweetly flourishes without ostentation: and what are the two eyes of this Land, but the two Universities; which cannot but prosper in the time of such a Prince, that is a Prince of Learning, aswell as of People: and truly I should forget myselfe, if I should not call Cambridge the right eye: and I thinke (King Hentie the 8. beeing the vniter, Edward the 3. the Founder, and your selfe the Repairer of this Colledge, wherein I liue) none will blame me, if I esteeme the same, since your polishing of it, the faireſt sight in Cambridge: in which beeing placed by your onely fauour, most freely, without either any meanes from other, or any desert in myselfe, beeing not able to doe more, I could doe no lesse, then acknowledge that debt, which I shall neuer be able to pay, and with old Silenus, in the Poet (vpon whome the boyes --injiciunt ipsis ex vincula sertis, making his garland, his fetters) finding myselfe bound vnto you by so many benefits, that were giuen by your selfe for ornaments, but are to me as so many golden cheines, to hold me fast in a kind of desired bondage, seeke (as he doth) my freedome with a song, the matter whereof is as worthie the sweetest Singer, as my selfe, the miserable Singer, vnworthie so diuine a subiect: but the same fauour, that before rewarded no desert, knowes now as well how to pardon all faults, then which indulgence, when I regard my selfe, I can wish no more; when I remember you, I can hope no lesse.

So commending these few broken lines vnto yours, and your selfe into the hands of the best Physitian, IESVS CHRIST, with whome, the most ill affected man, in the midst of his sickness, is in good health, and without whome, the most lustie bodie, in his greatest iollitie, is but a languishing karcase, I humbly take my

leaue,

eaue, ending with the ſame wiſh, that your deuoted Obſerver, nd my approoued Friend doth, in his verſes preſently ſequent, hat your paſſage to heauen may be ſlow to vs, that ſhall want ou here, but to your ſelfe, that cannot want vs there, moſt ſecure nd certeyne.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Your Worſhips, in all dutie, and ſeruice

G. FLETCHER.

THOMAS NEVYLE.
MOST HEAVENLY.

AS when the Captaine of the heauenly hoſt,
Or elſe that glorious armie doth appeare
In waters drown'd, with ſurging billowes toſt,
We know they are not, where we ſee they are;
We ſee them in the deepe, we ſee them mooue,
We know they fixed are in heauen aboue:
So did the Sunne of righteouſneſſe come downe
Clowded in fleſh, and ſeem'd be in the deepe:
So doe the many waters ſeeme to drowne
The ſtarres his Saints, and they on earth to keepe,
And yet this Sunne from heauen neuer fell,
And yet theſe earthly ſtarres in heauen dwell.
What if their ſoules be into priſon caſt
In earthly bodies? yet they long for heauen:
What if this worldly Sea they haue not paſt?
Yet faine they would be brought into their hauen.
They are not here, and yet we here them ſee,
For euery man is there, where he would be.
Long may you wiſh, and yet long wiſh in vaine,
Hence to depart, and yet that wiſh obtaine.
Long may you here in heauen on earth remaine,
And yet a heauen in heauen hereafter gaine.
Go you to heauen, but yet O make no haſt,
Go ſlowly ſlowly, but yet go at laſt.

But when the Nightingale ſo neere doth ſit,
Silence the Titmouſe better may befit.

F. Netherſole.

Quid ô, quid Veneres, Cupidineſq́,
Turtureſq́, iocoſq́, paſſereſq́
Laſcivi canitis greges, poëtæ?
Etiam languidulos amantum ocellos,
Et mox turgidulas ſinu papillas,
Iam riſus teneros, lachrymulaſq́,
Mox ſuſpiria, morſiunculaſq́,
Mille baſia; mille, mille nugas?
Et vultus pueri, puellulæve
(Heu fuſci pueri, puellulæq́)
Pingitis nivibus, roſunculiſq́,
(Mentitis nivibus, roſunculiſq́)
Quæ vel primo hyemis rigore torpent,
Vel Phœbi intuitu ſtatim relanguent.
Heu ſtulti nimiùm greges poëtæ!
Vt, quas ſic nimis, ah nimis ſtupetis,
(Nives candidulæ, & roſæ pudentes)
Sic vobis pereunt ſtatim labores:
Et ſolem fugiunt ſeveriorem,
Vel ſolem gelidâ rigent ſenectâ:
At tu qui clypeo, haud inane nomen
(Minervæ clypeo Loviſq́) ſumens
Victrices reſonas dei Triumphos,
Triumphos lachrymis, metuq́ plenos,
Plenos lætitiæ, & ſpei triumphos,
Dum rem carmine, Pieroq́ dignam
Aggrederis, tibi res decora rebus
Præbet carmina, Pieroq́ digna.
Quin ille ipſe tuos legens triumphos,
Plenos militia, labore plenos,
Tuo propitius parat labori
Plenos lætitiæ, & ſpei triumphos.

Phin. Fletcher Regal.

Η Μαριὰμ
Μὴ μιαρὰ.

BEatissima virginum Maria,
Sed materq; simul beata, per quam
Qui semper fuit ille cœpit esse:
Quæ Vitæ dederisq; inire vitam:
Et Luci dederis videre lucem:
Quæ fastidia, morsiunculasq;
Passa es quas grauidæ solent, nec vnquam
Audebas propior viro venire,)
Dum clusus penetralibus latebat
Matricis tunicâ vndiq; involutus,
Quem se posse negant tenere cœli.
Quæ non virgineas premi papillas
Passa, virgineas tamen dedisti
Lactandas puero tuo papillas.
Eia, dic age, dic beata virgo,
Cur piam abstineas manum, timesq;
Sancta tangere, Sanctuariumq;
Insolens fugias? an inquinari
Contactu metuis tuo sacrata?
Contactu metuit suo sacrata
Pollui pia, cernis en ferentem,
Lenimenta Dei furentis, illa
Fœdatas sibi ferre quæ iubebat.
Sis felix noua virgo-mater opto,

Quæ mollire Deum paras amicum.
Quin hic dona licet licet relinquas,
Agnellumq́, repone, turturemq́,
Audax ingrediare inanis ædes
Dei, tange Deo ſacrata, tange.
Quæ non concubitu coinquinata
Agnellum peperitq́, Turturemq́
Excluſit, facili Deo litabit
Agno cum Deus inſit, & columbæ.

NOr can I ſo much ſay as much I ought,
Nor yet ſo little can I ſay as nought,
In praiſe of this thy worke, ſo heauenly pend,
That ſure the ſacred Dove a quill did lend
From her high-ſoaring wing: certes I know
No other plumes, that makes man ſeeme ſo low
In his owne eyes, who to all others ſight
Mounted to the higheſt pitch of height:
There if thou ſeeme to any of ſmall price,
The fault is not in thee, but in his eyes:
But what doe I thy flood of wit reſtreine
Within the narrow bankes of my poore veyne?
More I could ſay, and would, but that to praiſe
Thy verſes, is to keepe them from their praiſe.
For them who reades, and doth them not aduance,
Of envie doth it, or of ignorance. *F. Netherſole.*

CHRISTS VICTORIE *in Heaven.*

BRITISH MVSEVM

1

THe birth of him that no beginning knewe,
Yet giues beginning to all that are borne,
And how the Infinite farre greater grewe,
By growing leſſe, and how the riſing Morne,
hat ſhot from heau'n, did backe to heauen retourne,
The obſequies of him that could not die,
And death of life, ende of eternitie,
low worthily he died, that died vnworthily;

The Argument propounded in generall: Our redemprion by Chriſt.

2

low God, and Man did both embrace each other,
let in one perſon, heau'n, and earth did kiſs,
nd how a Virgin did become a Mother,
nd bare that Sonne, who the worlds Father is,
nd Maker of his mother, and how Bliſs
Deſcended from the boſome of the High,
To cloath himſelfe in naked miſerie,
yling at length to heau'n, in earth, triumphantly,

3

the firſt flame, wherewith my whiter Muſe
oth burne in heauenly loue, ſuch loue to tell,
thou that didſt, this holy fire infuſe,
nd taught'ſt this breſt, but late the graue of hell,

The Authors Inuocation, for the better handling of it.

Wherein a blind, and dead heart liu'd, to ſwell
With better thoughts, ſend downe thoſe lights that lend
Knowledge, how to begin, and how to end
The loue, that neuer was, nor euer can be pend.

4

Ye ſacred writings in whoſe antique leaues
The memories of heau'n entreaſur'd lie,
Say, what might be the cauſe that Mercie heaues
The duſt of ſinne aboue th'induſtrious skie;
And lets it not to duſt, and aſhes flie?
Could Iuſtice be of ſinne ſo ouer-wooed,
Or ſo great ill be cauſe of ſo great good,
That bloody man to ſaue, mans Sauiour ſhed his blood?

5

The Argument, Mans redemption, expounded from the cauſe. Mercie

Or did the lips of Mercie droppe ſoft ſpeech
For traytrous man, when at th'Eternalls throne
Incenſed Nemeſis did heau'n beſeech
With thundring voice, that iuſtice might be ſhowne
Againſt the Rebells, that from God were flowne;
O ſay, ſay how could Mercie plead for thoſe
That ſcarcely made, againſt their Maker roſe?
Will any ſlay his friend, that he may ſpare his foes?

6

Dwelling in heauen

There is a place beyond that flaming hill
From whence the ſtarres their thin apparance ſhed,
A place, beyond all place, where neuer ill,
Nor impure thought was euer harboured,
But Sainctly Heroes are for euer s'ed
To keepe an euerlaſting Sabbaoths reſt,
Still wiſhing that, of what th'ar ſtill poſſeſt,
Enioying but one ioy, but one of all ioyes beſt.

7

ere, when the ruine of that beauteous frame,
Whose golden building shin'd with euerie starre
f excellence, deform'd with age became,
ERCY, remembring peace in midst of warre,
ift vp the musique of her voice, to barre
Eternall fate, least it should quite erace
That from the world, which was the first worlds grace,
nd all againe into their, nothing, Chaos chase.

And pleading for mã now guiltie.

8

r what had all this All, which Man in one
d not vnite; the earth, aire, water, fire,
e, sense, and spirit, nay the powrefull throne
the diuinest Essence, did retire,
d his owne Image into clay inspire:
So that this Creature well might called be
Of the great world, the small epitomie,
the dead world, the liue, and quicke anatomie.

9

t Iustice had no sooner Mercy seene
oothing the wrinkles of her Fathers browe,
vp she starts, and throwes her selfe betweene.
when a vapour, from a moory slough,
eeting with fresh Eous, that but now
Open'd the world, which all in darkenesse lay,
Doth heau'ns bright face of his rayes disaray,
d sads the smiling orient of the springing day.

with Iustice, described

10

was a Virgin of austere regard,
t as the world esteemes her, deafe, and blind,
t as the Eagle, that hath oft compar'd
eye with heau'ns, so, and more brightly shin'd

by her qualities.

Her lamping sight: for she the same could winde
Into the solid heart, and with her eares,
The silence of the thought loude speaking heares,
And in one hand a paire of euen scoals she weares.

11

No riot of affection reuell kept
Within her brest, but a still apathy
Possessed all her soule, which softly slept,
Securely, without tempest, no sad crie
Awakes her pittie, but wrong'd pouertie,
Sending his eyes to heau'n swimming in teares,
With hideous clamours euer struck her eares,
Whetting the blazing sword, that in her hand she beares.

12

Her Retinue.

The winged Lightning is her Mercury,
And round about her mightie thunders sound:
Impatient of himselfe lies pining by
Pale Sicknes, with his kercher'd head vpwound,
And thousand noysome plagues attend her round,
But if her clowdie browe but once growe soule,
The flints doe melt, and rocks to water rowle,
And ayrie mountaines shake, and frighted shadowes howle.

13

Famine, and bloodles Care, and bloodie Warre,
Want, and the Want of knowledge how to vse
Abundance, Age, and Feare, that runnes afarre
Before his fellowe Greefe, that aye pursues
His winged steps; for who would not refuse
Greefes companie, a dull, and rawebon'd spright,
That lankes the cheekes, and pales the freshest sight,
Vnbosoming the cheerefull brest of all delight;

14

Before this curſed throng, goes Ignorance,
That needes will leade the way he cannot ſee:
And after all, Death doeth his flag aduaunce,
And in the mid'ſt, Strife ſtill would roaguing be,
Whoſe ragged fleſh, and cloaths did well agree:
And round about, amazed Horror flies,
And ouer all, Shame veiles his guiltie eyes,
And vnderneth, Hells hungrie throat ſtill yawning lies.

15

Vpon two ſtonie tables, ſpread before her,
She lean'd her boſome, more then ſtonie hard,
There ſlept th' vnpartiall iudge, and ſtrict reſtorer
Of wrong, or right, with paine, or with reward,
There hung the skore of all our debts, the card
Whear good, and bad, and life, and death were painted:
Was neuer heart of mortall ſo vntainted,
But when that ſcroule was read, with thouſand terrors fainted.

Her Subiect.

16

Witnes the thunder that mount Sinai heard,
When [illegible] hill with firie clouds did flame,
And [illegible] Iſrael, with the ſight afeard,
Blinded [illegible] ſeeing, durſt not touch the ſame,
But like a wood of ſhaking leaues became.
On this dead Iuſtice, ſhe, the Liuing Lawe,
Bowing herſelſe with a maieſtique awe,
All heau'n, to heare her ſpeech, did into ſilence drawe.

17

Dread Lord of Spirits, well thou did'ſt deuiſe
To fling the worlds rude dunghill, and the droſſe
Of the ould Chaos, fartheſt from the skies,
And thine owne ſeate, that heare the child of loſſe,

Her accuſation of Mans ſinne.

Of all the lower heau'n the curſe, and croſſe,
That wretch, beaſt, caytiue, monſter Man, might ſpend
(Proude of the mire, in which his ſoule is pend)
Clodded in lumps of clay, his wearie life to end.

18

And 1. of Adams firſt ſinne.

His bodie duſt: whear grewe ſuch cauſe of pride?
His ſoule thy Image: what could he enuie?
Himſelfe moſt happie: if he ſo would bide:
Now grow'n moſt wretched, who can remedie?
He ſlewe himſelfe, himſelfe the enemie.
That his owne ſoule would her owne murder wreake,
If I were ſilent, heau'n and earth would ſpeake,
And if all fayl'd, theſe ſtones would into clamours breake.

19

How many darts made furrowes in his ſide,
When ſhe, that out of his owne ſide was made,
Gaue feathers to their flight? whear was the pride
Of their newe knowledge; whither did it fade,
When, running from thy voice into the ſhade,
He fled thy ſight, himſelfe of ſight bereau'd;
And for his ſhield a leauie armour weau'd,
With which, vain mā, he thought Gods eies to h[illegible]eau'd

20

And well he might delude thoſe eyes, that ſee,
And iudge by colours: for who euer ſawe
A man of leaues, a reaſonable tree?
Then of his poſterities, in all kinde of Idolatrie.
But thoſe that from this ſtocke their life did drawe,
Soone made their Father godly, and by lawe
Proclaimed Trees almightie: Gods of wood,
Of ſtocks, and ſtones with crownes of laurell ſtood
Templed, and fed by fathers with their childrens blood.

21

he ſparkling ſanes, that burne in beaten gould,
nd, like the ſtarres of heau'n in mid'ſt of night,
lacke Egypt, as her mirrhours, doth behould,
re but the denns whear idoll-ſnakes delight
gaine to couer Satan from their ſight:
Yet theſe are all their gods, to whome they vie
The Crocodile, the Cock, the Rat, the Flie.
t gods, indeede, for ſuch men to be ſerued by.

22

he Fire, the winde, the ſea, the ſunne, and moone,
he flitting Aire, and the ſwift-winged How'rs,
d all the watchmen, that ſo nimbly runne,
nd centinel about the walled towers
f the worlds citie, in their heau'nly bowr's.
And, leaſt their pleaſant gods ſhould want delight,
Neptune ſpues out the Lady Aphrodite,
nd but in heauen proude Iunos peacocks skorne to lite.

23

he ſenſeleſſe Earth, the Serpent, dog, and catte,
nd woorſe then all theſe, Man, and woorſt of men
urping Ioue, and ſwilling Bacchus fat,
d drunke with the vines purple blood, and then
e Fiend himſelfe they coniure from his denne,
Becauſe he onely yet remain'd to be
Woorſe then the worſt of men, they flie from thee,
d weare his altar-ſtones out with their pliant knee.

24

that he ſpeakes (and all he ſpeakes are lies)
e oracles, 'tis he (that wounded all)
res all their wounds, he (that put out their eyes)
at giues them light, he(that death firſt did call

Into the world) that with his orizall,
Inſpirits earth: he heau'ns al-ſeeing eye,
He earths great Prophet, he, whom reſt doth flie,
That on ſalt billowes doth, as pillowes, ſleeping lie.

25

How hopeleſſe any patronage of t.

But let him in his cabin reſtles reſt,
The dungeon of darke flames, and freezing fire,
Iuſtice in heau'n againſt man makes requeſt
To God, and of his Angels doth require
Sinnes puniſhment: if what I did deſire,
Or who, or againſt whome, or why, or whear,
Of, or before whom ignorant I wear,
Then ſhould my ſpeech their ſands of ſins to mountaines rea

26

Wear not the heau'ns pure, in whoſe courts I ſue,
The Iudge, to whom I ſue, iuſt to requite him,
The cauſe for ſinne, the puniſhment moſt due,
Iuſtice her ſelfe the plaintiffe to endite him,
The Angells holy, before whom I cite him,
He againſt whom, wicked, vniuſt, impure;
Then might he ſinnefull liue, and die ſecure,
Or triall might eſcape, or triall might endure,

27

The Iudge might partiall be, and ouer-pray'd,
The place appeald from, in whoſe courts he ſues,
The fault excuſ'd, or puniſhment delayd,
The parties ſelfe accuſ'd, that did accuſe,
Angels for pardon might their praiers vſe:
But now no ſtarre can ſhine, no hope be got.
Moſt wretched creature, if he knewe his lot,
And yet more wretched farre, becauſe he knowes it not.

28

What should I tell how barren earth is growne,
All for to sterue her children, didst not thou
Water with heau'nly showers her wombe vnsowne,
And drop downe cloudes of flow'rs, didst not thou bowe
Thine easie eare vnto the plowmans vowe,
Long might he looke, and looke, and long in vaine
Might load his haruest in an emptie wayne,
And beat the woods, to finde the poore okes hungrie graine.

All the Creatures hauing disleagued themselues with him

29

The swelling sea seethes in his angrie waues,
And smites the earth, that dares the traytors nourish,
Set oft his thunder their light corke outbraues,
Plowing the mountaines, on whose temples flourish
Whole woods of garlands, and, their pride to cherish,
Plowe through the seaes greene fields, and nets display
To catch the flying winds, and steale away,
Spoozning the greedie sea, prising their nimble prey.

30

How often haue I seene the wauing pine,
Oft on a watrie mountaine, knocke his head
At heau'ns too patient gates, and with salt brine
Quench the Moones burning hornes, and safely fled
From heau'ns reuenge, her passengers, all dead
With stiffe astonishment, tumble to hell?
How oft the sea all earth would ouerswell,
And not thy sandie girdle binde the mightie well?

31

Would not the aire be fill'd with steames of death,
To poyson the quicke riuers of their blood,
And not thy windes fan, with their panting breath,
The flitting region? would not the hastie flood

Emptie it ſelfe into the ſeas wide wood,
Did'ſt not thou leade it wandring from his way,
To giue men drinke, and make his waters ſtrey,
To freſh the flowrie medowes, through whoſe fields they play

32

Who makes the ſources of the ſiluer fountaines
From the flints mouth, and rocky valleis ſlide,
Thickning the ayrie bowells of the mountaines?
Who hath the wilde heards of the forreſt tide
In their cold denns, making them hungrie bide
Till man to reſt be laid? can beaſtly he,
That ſhould haue moſt ſenſe, onely ſenſeles be,
And all things elſe, beſide himſelfe, ſo awefull ſee?

33

Wear he not wilder then the ſaluage beaſt,
Prowder then haughty hills, harder then rocks,
Colder then fountaines, from their ſprings releaſt,
Lighter then aire, blinder then ſenſeles ſtocks,
More changing then the riuers curling locks,
If reaſon would not, ſenſe would ſoone reproue him,
And vnto ſhame, if not to ſorrow, mooue him,
To ſee cold floods, wild beaſts, dul ſtocks, hard ſtones out-lo

For his extreame vngratefulnes.

34

Vnder the weight of ſinne the earth did fall,
And ſwallowed Dathan; and the raging winde,
And ſtormie ſea, and gaping Whale, did call
For Ionas; and the aire did bullets finde,
And ſhot from heau'n a ſtony ſhowre, to grinde
The fiue proud Kings, that for their idols fought,
The Sunne it ſelfe ſtood ſtill to fight it out,
And fire frō heau'n flew downe, when ſin to heau'n did ſho

35

hould any to himselfe for safety flie?
he way to saue himselfe, if any were,
Vear to flie from himselfe: should he relie
pon the promise of his wife? but there,
What can he see, but that he most may feare,
A Syren, sweete to death: vpon his friends?
Who that he needs, or that he hath not fends?
r wanting aide himselfe, ayde to another sends?

So that beeing destitute of all hope, or any remedie,

36

is strength? but dust: his pleasure? cause of paine:
is hope? false courtier: youth, or beawtie? brittle:
treatie? fond: repentance? late, and vaine:
st recompence? the world wear all too little:
y loue? he hath no title to a tittle:
Hells force? in vaine her furies hell shall gather:
His Seruants, Kinsmen, or his children rather?
is child, if good, shall iudge, if bad, shall curse his father.

37

is life? that brings him to his end, and leaues him:
is ende? that leaues him to beginne his woe:
is goods? what good in that, that so deceaues him?
is gods of wood? their feete, alas, are slowe
o goe to helpe, that must be help't to goe:
Honour, great woorth? ah, little woorth they be
Vnto their owners: wit? that makes him see
e wanted wit, that thought he had it, wanting thee.

38

he sea to drinke him quicke? that casts his dead:
ngells to spare? they punish: night to hide?
he world shall burne in light: the heau'ns to spread
heir wings to saue him? heau'n it selfe shall slide,

And rowle away like melting ſtarres, that glide
Along their oylie threads: his minde purſues him:
His houſe to ſhrowde, or hills to fall, and bruſe him:
As Seargeants both attache, and witneſſes accuſe him:

39

What need I vrge, what they muſt needs confeſſe?
Sentence on them, condemn'd by their owne luſt;
He can look for nothing, but a fearful ſentence.
I craue no more, and thou canſt giue no leſſe,
Then death to dead men, iuſtice to vniuſt;
Shame to moſt ſhamefull, and moſt ſhameles duſt:
But if thy Mercie needs will ſpare her friends,
Let Mercie there begin, where Iuſtice endes.
Tis cruell Mercie, that the wrong from right defends.

40

The effect of Iuſtice her ſpeech: the inflammation of the heauenly Powers,
She ended, and the heau'nly Hierarchies,
Burning in zeale, thickly imbranded weare:
Like to an armie, that allarum cries,
And euery one ſhakes his ydraded ſpeare,
And the Almighties ſelfe, as he would teare
The earth, and her firme baſis quite in ſunder,
Flam'd all in iuſt reuenge, and mightie thunder;
Heau'n ſtole it ſelfe from earth by clouds that moiſterd vnde

41

Appeaſed by Mercie, who is deſcribed by her cherfulnes to defend Man.
As when the cheerfull Sunne, elamping wide,
Glads all the world with his vpriſing raye,
And wooes the widow'd earth afreſh to pride,
And paint her boſome with the flowrie Maye,
His ſilent ſiſter ſteales him quite away,
Wrap't in a ſable clowde, from mortall eyes,
The haſtie ſtarres at noone begin to riſe,
And headlong to his early rooſt the ſparrowe flies.

42

But soone as he againe dishadowed is,
Restoring the blind world his blemish't sight,
As though another day wear newely ris,
The cooz'ned birds busily take their flight,
And wonder at the shortnesse of the night:
So Mercie once againe her selfe displayes,
Out from her sisters cloud, and open layes (dayes.
Those sunshine lookes, whose beames would dim a thousand

43

How may a worme, that crawles along the dust,
Clamber the azure mountaines, thrown so high,
And fetch from thence thy faire Idea iust,
That in those sunny courts doth hidden lie,
Cloath'd with such light, as blinds the Angels eye;
How may weake mortall euer hope to file
His vnsmooth tongue, and his deprostrate stile?
O raise thou from his corse, thy now entomb'd exile.

Our inabilitie to describe her.

44

One touch would rouze me from my sluggish hearse,
One word would call me to my wished home,
One looke would polish my afflicted verse,
One thought would steale my soule from her thicke lome,
And force it wandring vp to heau'n to come,
Thear to importune, and to beg apace
One happy fauour of thy sacred grace,
To see, (what though it loose her eyes?) to see thy face.

45

If any aske why roses please the sight,
Because their leaues vpon thy cheekes doe bowre;
If any aske why lillies are so white,
Because their blossoms in thy hand doe flowre:

Her beautie, resembled by the creatures, which are all fraile shadows of her essentiall perfection.

Or why ſweet plants ſo gratefull odours ſhoure;
It is becauſe thy breath ſo like they be:
Or why the Orient Sunne ſo bright we ſee;
What reaſon can we giue, but from thine eies, and thee?

46

Roſ'd all in liuely crimſin ar thy cheeks,
Whear beawties indeflouriſhing abide,
And, as to paſſe his fellowe either ſeekes,
Seemes both doe bluſh at one anothers pride:
And on thine eyelids, waiting thee beſide,
Her Attendants. Ten thouſand Graces ſit, and when they mooue
To earth their amourous belgards from aboue,
They flie from heau'n, and on their wings conuey thy loue.

47

All of diſcolour'd plumes their wings ar made,
And with ſo wondrous art the quills ar wrought,
That whenſoere they cut the ayrie glade,
The winde into their hollowe pipes is caught:
As ſeemes the ſpheres with them they down haue brought:
Like to the ſeauen-fold reede of Arcadie,
Which Pan of Syrinx made, when ſhe did flie
To Ladon ſands, and at his ſighs ſung merily.

48

Her perſwaſiue power. As melting hony, dropping from the combe,
So ſtill the words, that ſpring between thy lipps,
Thy lippes, whear ſmiling ſweetneſſe keepes her home,
And heau'nly Eloquence pure manna ſipps,
He that his pen but in that fountaine dipps,
How nimbly will the golden phraſes flie,
And ſhed forth ſtreames of choyceſt rhetorie,
Welling celeſtiall torrents out of poëſie?

49

Like as the thirſtie land, in ſummers heat,
Calls to the cloudes, and gapes at euerie ſhowre,
As though her hungry clifts all heau'n would eat,
Which if high God into her boſome powre,
Though much refreſht, yet more ſhe could deuoure:
So hang the greedie ears of Angels ſweete,
And euery breath a thouſand cupids meete,
Some flying in, ſome out, and all about her fleet.

50

Vpon her breaſt, Delight doth ſoftly ſleepe,
And of eternall ioy is brought abed,
Thoſe ſnowie mountelets, through which doe creepe
The milkie riuers, that ar inly bred
In ſiluer ceſternes, and themſelues doe ſhed
To wearie Trauailers, in heat of day,
To quench their fierie thriſt, and to allay
With dropping nectar floods, the furie of their way.

51

If any wander, thou doeſt call him backe,
If any be not forward, thou incit'ſt him,
Thou doeſt expect, if any ſhould growe ſlacke,
If any ſeeme but willing, thou inuit'ſt him,
Or if he doe offend thee, thou acquit'ſt him,
Thou find'ſt the loſt, and follow'ſt him that flies,
Healing the ſicke, and quickning him that dies,
Thou art the lame mans friendly ſtaffe, the blind mans eyes.

Her kind officesto Man.

52

So faire thou art that all would thee behold,
But none can thee behold, thou art ſo faire,
Pardon, O pardon then thy Vaſſall bold,
That with poore ſhadowes ſtriues thee to compare,

And match the things, which he knowes matchleſſe are;
O thou vive mirrhour of celeſtiall grace,
How can fraile colours pourtraict out thy face,
Or paint in fleſh thy beawtie, in ſuch ſemblance baſe?

53

Her Garments, wrought by her owne hands, wherwith ſhee cloaths her ſelfe, compoſd of all the Creatures,

Her vpper garment was a ſilken lawne,
With needle-woorke richly embroidered,
Which ſhe her ſelfe with her owne hand had drawne,
And all the world therein had pourtrayed,
With threads, ſo freſh, and liuely coloured,
That ſeem'd the world ſhe newe created thear,
And the miſtaken eye would raſhly ſwear
The ſilken trees did growe, and the beaſts liuing wear.

54

The Earth,

Low at her feet the Earth was caſt alone,
(As though to kiſſe her foot it did aſpire,
And gaue it ſelfe for her to tread vpon)
With ſo vnlike, and different attire,
That euery one that ſawe it, did admire
What it might be, was of ſo various hewe;
For to it ſelfe it oft ſo diuerſe grewe,
That ſtill it ſeem'd the ſame, and ſtill it ſeem'd a newe.

55

Sea,

And here, and there few men ſhe ſcattered,
(That in their thought the world eſteeme but ſmall,
And themſelues great) but ſhe with one fine thread
So ſhort, and ſmall, and ſlender woue them all,
That like a ſort of buſie ants, that crawle
About ſome molehill, ſo they wandered:
And round about the wauing Sea was ſhed,
But, for the ſiluer ſands, ſmall pearls were ſprinkled.

56

So curiously the vnderworke did creepe,
And curling circlets so well shadowed lay,
That afar off the waters seem'd to sleepe,
But those that neere the margin pearle did play,
Hoarcely enwaued wear with hastie sway,
As though they meant to rocke the gentle eare,
And hush the former that enslumbred wear,
And here a dangerous rocke the flying ships did fear.

57

High in the ayrie element there hung — Ayre,
Another clowdy sea, that did disdaine
(As though his purer waues from heauen sprung)
To crawle on earth, as doth the sluggish maine:
But it the earth would water with his raine,
That eb'd, and flow'd, as winde, and season would,
And oft the Sun would cleaue the limber mould
To alabaster rockes, that in the liquid rowl'd.

58

Beneath those sunny banks, a darker cloud,
Dropping with thicker deaw, did melt apace,
And bent it selfe into a hollowe shroude,
On which, if Mercy did but cast her face,
A thousand colours did the bowe enchace,
That wonder was to see the silke distain'd
With the resplendance from her beawtie gain'd,
And Iris paint her locks with beames, so liuely feign'd.

59

About her head a cyprus heau'n she wore, — The celesti-all bodies,
Spread like a veile, vpheld with siluer wire,
In which the starres so burn't in golden ore,
As seem'd, the azure web was all on fire,

But haſtily, to quench their ſparkling ire,
A flood of milke came rowling vp the ſhore,
That on his curded waue ſwift Argus bore,
And the immortall ſwan, that did her life deplore.

60

Yet ſtrange it was, ſo many ſtarres to ſee
Without a Sunne, to giue their tapers light:
Yet ſtrange it was not, that it ſo ſhould be:
For, where the Sunne centers himſelfe by right,
Her face, and locks did flame, that at the ſight,
The heauenly veile, that elſe ſhould nimbly mooue,
Forgot his flight, and all incenſ'd with loue,
With wonder, and amazement, did her beautie prooue.

61

The third heauen.

Ouer her hung a canopie of ſtate,
Not of rich tiſſew, nor of ſpangled gold,
But of a ſubſtance, though not animate,
Yet of a heau'nly, and ſpirituall mould,
That onely eyes of Spirits might behold:
Such light as from maine rocks of diamound,
Shooting their ſparks at Phebus, would rebound,
And little Angels, holding hands, daunc't all around.

62

Seemed thoſe little ſprights, through nimbleſs bold,
The ſtately canopy bore on their wings,
But them it ſelfe, as pendants, did vphold,
Beſides the crownes of many famous kings,
Among the reſt, thear Dauid euer ſings,
And now, with yeares growne young, renewes his layes
Vnto his golden harpe, and ditties playes,
Pſalming aloud in well tun'd ſongs his Makers praiſe.

63

Thou ſelf-Idea of all ioyes to come,
Whoſe loue is ſuch, would make the rudeſt ſpeake,
Whoſe loue is ſuch, would make the wiſeſt dumbe,
O when wilt thou thy too long ſilence breake,
And ouercome the ſtrong to ſaue the weake!
If thou no weapons haſt, thine eyes will wound
Th' Almighties ſelfe, that now ſticke on the ground,
As though ſome bleſſed obiect thear did them empound. Her Obiects.

64

Ah miſerable Abiect of diſgrace, Repentance.
What happines is in thy miſerie?
I both muſt pittie, and enuie thy caſe.
For ſhe, that is the glorie of the skie,
Leaues heauen blind, to fix on thee her eye.
Yet her (though Mercies ſelfe eſteems not finall)
The world deſpiſd', they her Repentance call,
And ſhe her ſelfe deſpiſes, and the world, and all.

65

Deepely, alas empaſſioned ſhe ſtood,
To ſee a flaming brand, toſt vp from hell,
Boyling her heart in her owne luſtfull blood,
That oft for torment ſhe would loudely yell,
Now ſhe would ſighing ſit, and nowe ſhe fell
Crouching vpon the ground, in ſackcloath truſt,
Early, and late ſhe prayed, and faſt ſhe muſt,
And all her haire hung full of aſhes, and of duſt.

66

Of all moſt hated, yet hated moſt of all
Of her owne ſelfe ſhe was; diſconſolat
(As though her fleſh did but inſunerall
Her buried ghoſt) ſhe in an arbour ſat

Of thornie brier, weeping her curſed ſtate,
And her before a haſtie riuer fled,
Which her blind eyes with faithfull penance fed,
And all abour, the graſſe with tears hung downe his head.

67

Her eyes, though blind abroad, at home kept faſt,
Inwards they turn'd, and look't into her head,
At which ſhee often ſtarted, as aghaſt,
To ſee ſo fearfull ſpectacles of dread,
And with one hand, her breaſt ſhee martyred,
Wounding her heart, the ſame to mortifie,
Faith. The other a faire damſell held her by,
Which if but once let goe, ſhee ſunke immediatly.

68

But Faith was quicke, and nimble as the heau'n,
As if of loue, and life ſhee all had been,
And though of preſent ſight her ſenſe were reauen,
Yet ſhee could ſee the things could not be ſeen:
Beyond the ſtarres, as nothing wear between,
She fixt her ſight, diſdeigning things belowe,
Into the ſea ſhe could a mountaine throwe,
And make the Sun to ſtande, and waters backewards flowe.

69

Such when as Mercie her beheld from high,
In a darke valley, drownd with her owne tears,
One of her graces ſhe ſent haſtily,
Smiling Eirene, that a garland wears
Of guilded oliue, on her fairer hears,
To crowne the fainting ſoules true ſacrifice,
Whom when as ſad Repentance comming ſpies,
The holy Deſperado wip't her ſwollen eyes.

70

But Mercie felt a kinde remorse to runne
Through her soft vaines, and therefore, hying fast
To giue an end to silence, thus begunne.
Aye-honour'd Father, if no ioy thou hast
But to reward desert, reward at last
The Deuils voice, spoke with a serpents tongue,
Fit to hisse out the words so deadly stung,
And let him die, deaths bitter charmes so sweetely sung.

Her deprecative speech for Man, in which

71

He was the father of that hopeles season,
That to serue other Gods, forgot their owne,
The reason was, thou wast aboue their reason:
They would haue any Gods, rather then none,
A beastly serpent, or a senseless stone:
And these, as Iustice hates, so I deplore:
But the vp-plowed heart, all rent, and tore,
Though wounded by it selfe, I gladly would restore.

She trãslates the principal fault vnto the Deuill.

72

He was but dust; Why fear'd he not to fall?
And beeing fall'n, how can he hope to liue?
Cannot the hand destroy him, that made all?
Could he not take away, as well as giue?
Should man depraue, and should not God depriue?
Was it not all the worlds deceiuing spirit,
(That, bladder'd vp with pride of his owne merit,
Fell in his rise) that him of heau'n did disinherit?

And repeating Iustice her aggravation of mans sinne.

73

He was but dust: how could he stand before him?
And beeing fall'n, why should he feare to die?
Cannot the hand that made him first, restore him?
Deprau'd of sinne, should he depriued lie

Mittigates it 1. by a cõtrarie inference.

Of grace? can he not hide infirmitie
That gaue him ſtrength? vnworthy the forſaking,
He is, who euer weighs, without miſtaking,
Or Maker of the man, or manner of his making.

74

Who ſhall thy temple incenſe any more;
Or to thy altar crowne the ſacrifice;
Or ſtrewe with idle flow'rs the hallow'd flore;
Or what ſhould Prayer deck with hearbs, and ſpice,
Her vialls, breathing oriſons of price?
If all muſt paie that which all cannot paie?
O firſt begin with mee, and Mercie ſtaie,
And thy thrice-honour'd Sonne, that now beneath doth ſtrey.

2 By interceſſing her ſelfe in the cauſe, and Chriſt.

75

But if or he, or I may liue, and ſpeake,
And heau'n can ioye to ſee a ſinner weepe,
Oh let not Iuſtice yron ſcepter breake
A heart alreadie broke, that lowe doth creep,
And with prone humbleſſe her feets duſt doth ſweep.
Muſt all goe by deſert? is nothing free?
Ah, if but thoſe that onely woorthy be,
None ſhould thee euer ſee, none ſhould thee euer ſee.

76

That is as ſufficient to ſatisfie, as Man was impotent.

What hath man done, that man ſhall not vndoe,
Since God to him is growne ſo neere a kin?
Did his foe ſlay him? he ſhall ſlay his foe:
Hath he loſt all? he all againe ſhall win;
Is Sinne his Maſter? he ſhall maſter ſinne:
Too hardy ſoule, with ſinne the field to trie:
The onely way to conquer, was to flie,
But thus long death hath liu'd, and now deaths ſelfe ſhall die.

77

He is a path, if any be misled,
He is a robe, if any naked bee,
If any chaunce to hunger, he is bread,
If any be a bondman, he is free,
If any be but weake, howe strong is hee?
To dead men life he is, to sicke men health,
To blinde men sight, and to the needie wealth,
A pleasure without losse, a treasure without stealth.

78

Who can forget, neuer to be forgot,
The time, that all the world in slumber lies,
When, like the starres, the singing Angels shot
To earth, and heau'n awaked all his eyes,
To see another Sunne, at midnight rise,
On earth? was neuer sight of pareil fame,
For God before Man like himselfe did frame,
But God himselfe now like a mortall man became.

Whom shee celebrates from the time of his nativitie.

79

A Child he was, and had not learn't to speake,
That with his word the world before did make,
His Mothers armes him bore, he was so weake,
That with one hand the vaults of heau'n could shake,
See how small roome my infant Lord doth take,
Whom all the world is not enough to hold.
Who of his yeares, or of his age hath told?
Neuer such age so young, neuer a child so old.

From the effects of it in himself.

80

And yet but newely he was infanted,
And yet alreadie he was sought to die,
Yet scarcely borne, alreadie banished,
Not able yet to goe, and forc't to flie,

But scarcely fled away, when by and by,
The Tyrans sword with blood is all defil'd,
And Rachel, for her sonnes with furie wild,
Cries, O thou cruell King, and O my sweetest child.

81

Egypt, Egypt his Nource became, whear Nilus springs,
Who streit, to entertaine the rising sunne,
The hasty harvest in his bosome brings;
But now for drieth the fields wear all vndone,
And now with waters all is ouerrunne,
So fast the Cynthian mountaines powr'd their snowe,
When once they felt the sunne so neere them glowe,
That Nilus Egypt lost, and to a sea did growe.

82

The Angels, The Angells caroll'd lowd their song of peace,
The curled Oracles wear strucken dumb,
Men, To see their Sheapheard, the poore Sheapheards press,
To see their King, the Kingly Sophies come,
And them to guide vnto his Masters home,
A Starre comes dauncing vp the orient,
That springs for ioye ouer the strawy tent,
Whear gold, to make their Prince a crowne, they all presen.

83

Young Iohn, glad child, before he could be borne,
Leapt in the woombe, his ioy to prophecie,
Old Anna though with age all spent, and worne,
Proclaimes her Sauiour to posteritie,
And Simeon fast his dying notes doeth plie.
Oh how the blessed soules about him trace.
It is the fire of heau'n thou doest embrace,
Sing, Simeon, sing, sing Simeon, sing apace.

84

With that the mightie thunder dropt away
From Gods vnwarie arme, now milder growne,
And melted into teares, as if to pray
For pardon, and for pittie, it had knowne,
That should haue been for sacred vengeance throwne:
Thereto the Armies Angelique devo'wd
Their former rage, and all to Mercie bo'wd,
Their broken weapons at her feet they gladly strow'd.

The effect of Mercies speech.

85

Bring, bring ye Graces all your silver flaskets,
Painted with euery choicest flowre that growes,
That I may soone vnflow'r your fragrant baskets,
To strowe the fields with odours whear he goes,
Let what so e're he treads on be a rose.
So downe shee let her eyelids fall, to shine
Vpon the rivers of bright Palestine,
Whose woods drop honie, and her rivers skip with wine,

A Transition to Christs second victorie.

CHRISTS VICTORIE *on Earth.*

1

Christ brought into the place of combat, the wildernes, among the wilde beasts. Mark. 1.13.

THear all alone she spi'd, alas the while;
In shadie darknes a poore Desolate,
That now had measur'd many a wearie mile,
Through a wast desert, whither heau'nly fate,
And his owne will him brought; he praying fate,
And him to prey, as he to pray began,
The Citizens of the wilde forrest ran,
And all with open throat would swallowe whole the man.

2

Described by his proper Attribute. The Mercie of God.

Soone did the Ladie to her Graces crie,
And on their wings her selfe did nimbly strowe,
After her coach a thousand Loues did flie,
So downe into the wilderneſſe they throwe,
Whear she, and all her trayne that with her flowe
Thorough the ayrie waue, with sayles so gay,
Sinking into his breſt that wearie lay,
Made shipwracke of themselues, and vanish't quite away.

3

Seemed that Man had them deuoured all,
Whome to deuoure the beasts did make pretence,
But him their saluage thirst did nought appall,
Though weapons none he had for his defence:

What armes for Innocence, but Innocence?
For when they saw their Lords bright cognizance
Shine in his face, soone did they disadvaunce,
And some vnto him kneele, and some about him daunce.

4

Downe fell the Lordly Lions angrie mood, Whom the creatures cannot but adore.
And he himselfe fell downe, in congies lowe;
Bidding him welcome to his wastfull wood,
Sometime he kist the grasse whear he did goe,
And, as to wash his feete he well did knowe,
With fauning tongue he lickt away the dust,
And euery one would neerest to him thrust,
And euery one, with new, forgot his former lust.

5

Vnmindfull of himselfe, to minde his Lord,
The Lamb stood gazing by the Tygers side,
As though betweene them they had made accord,
And on the Lions back the goate did ride,
Forgetfull of the roughnes of the hide,
If he stood still, their eyes vpon him bayted,
If walk't, they all in order on him wayted,
And when he slep't, they as his watch themselues conceited.

6

Wonder doeth call me vp to see, O no, By his vnitie with the Godhead.
I cannot see, and therefore sinke in woonder,
The man, that shines as bright as God, not so,
For God he is himselfe, that close lies vnder
That man, so close, that no time can dissunder
That band, yet not so close, but from him breake
Such beames, as mortall eyes are all too weake
Such sight to see, or it, if they should see, to speake.

7

His proper place.

Vpon a grassie hillock he was laid,
With woodie primroses befreckeled,
Ouer his head the wanton shadowes plaid
Of a wilde oliue, that her bowgh's so spread,
As with her leau's she seem'd to crowne his head,
And her greene armes to'embrace the Prince of peace,
The Sunne so neere, needs must the winter cease,
The Sunne so neere, another Spring seem'd to increase.

8

The beutie of his bodie. Cant.5.11. Psalm.45.2.

His haire was blacke, and in small curls did twine,
As though it wear the shadowe of some light,
And vnderneath his face, as day, did shine,
But sure the day shined not halfe so bright,
Nor the Sunnes shadowe made so darke a night.
Vnder his louely locks,her head to shroude,
Did make Humilitie her selfe growe proude,
Hither, to light their lamps, did all the Graces croude.

9

One of ten thousand soules I am, and more,
That of his eyes, and their sweete wounds complaine,
Sweete are the wounds of loue,neuer so sore,
Ah might he often slaie mee so againe.
He neuer liues, that thus is neuer slaine.
What boots it watch? those eyes, for all my art,
Mine owne eyes looking on, haue stole my heart,
In them Loue bends his bowe,and dips his burning dart.

10

As when the Sunne, caught in an aduerse clowde,
Flies crosse the world, and thear a new begets,
The watry picture of his beautie proude,
Throwes all abroad his sparkling spangelets,

And the whole world in dire amazement sets,
To see two dayes abroad at once, and all
Doubt whither nowe he rise, or nowe will fall:
So flam'd the Godly flesh, proude of his heau'nly thrall.

11

His cheekes as snowie apples, sop't in wine, Gen.49.12.
Had their red roses quencht with lillies white, Cant.5.10.
And like to garden strawberries did shine,
Wash't in a bowle of milke, or rose-buds bright
Vnbosoming their brests against the light:
Here loue-sicke soules did eat, thear dranke, and made
Sweete-smelling posies, that could neuer fade,
But worldly eyes him thought more like some liuing shade. Is.53.2.

12

For laughter neuer look't vpon his browe,
Though in his face all smiling ioyes did bide,
No silken banners did about him flowe,
Fooles make their fetters ensignes of their pride:
He was best cloath'd when naked was his side,
A Lambe he was, and wollen fleece he bore,
Woue with one thread, his feete lowe sandalls wore,
But bared were his legges, so went the times of yore.

13

As two white marble pillars that vphold
Gods holy place whear he in glorie sets,
And rise with goodly grace and courage bold,
To beare his Temple on their ample ietts,
Vein'd euery whear with azure riuulets,
Whom all the people on some holy morne,
With boughs and flowrie garlands doe adorne,
Of such, though fairer farre, this Temple was vpborne.

14

By preparing himself to the combate

Twice had Diana bent her golden bowe,
And shot from heau'n her siluer shafts, to rouse
The sluggish saluages, that den belowe,
And all the day in lazie couert drouze,
Since him the silent wilderneſſe did houſe,
The heau'n his roofe, and arbour harbour was,
The ground his bed, and his moist pillowe grasse.
But fruit thear none did growe, nor riuers none did passe.

15

With his Aduersarie, that seemd what he was not,

At length an aged Syre farre off he sawe
Come slowely footing, euerie step he gueſt
One of his feete he from the graue did drawe,
Three legges he had, the woodden was the best,
And all the waie he went, he euer bleſt
With benedicities, and prayers store,
But the bad ground was blessed ne'r the more,
And all his head with snowe of Age was waxen hore.

16

Some deuout Essene.

A good old Hermit he might seeme to be,
That for deuotion had the world forsaken,
And now was trauailing some Saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himselfe betaken,
Whear all his former sinnes he might awaken,
And them might wash away with dropping brine,
And almes, and fasts, and churches discipline,
And dead, might rest his bones vnder the holy shrine.

17

But when he neerer came, he lowted lowe
With prone obeysance, and with curt'sie kinde,
That at his feete his head he seemd to throwe;
What needs him now another Saint to finde?

Affections are the ſailes, and faith the wind,
That to this Saint a thouſand ſoules conueigh,
Each hour: O happy Pilgrims thither drey!
What caren they for beaſts, or for the wearie way?

18

Soone the old Palmer his deuotions ſung,
Like pleaſing anthems, moduled in time,
For well that aged Syre could tip his tongue
With golden foyle of eloquence, and lime,
And licke his rugged ſpeech with phraſes prime.
Ay me, quoth he, how many yeares haue beene,
Since theſe old eyes the Sunne of heau'n haue ſeene!
Certes the Sonne of heau'n they now behold I weene.

19

Ah, mote my humble cell ſo bleſſed be
As heau'n to welcome in his lowely rooſe,
And be the Temple for thy deitie!
Loe how my cottage worſhips thee aloofe,
That vnder ground hath hid his head, in prooſe
It doth adore thee with the ſeeling lowe,
Here honie, milke, and cheſnuts wild doe growe,
The boughs a bed of leaues vpon thee ſhall beſtowe.

20

But oh, he ſaid, and therewith ſigh't full deepe,
The heau'ns, alas, too enuious are growne,
Becauſe our fields thy preſence from them keepe;
For ſtones doe growe, where corne was lately ſowne:
So ſtooping downe, he gather'd vp a ſtone)
But thou with corne canſt make this ſtone to eare.
What needen we the angrie heau'ns to feare?
Let them enuie vs ſtill, ſo we enioy thee here.

(Cloſely tempting him to deſpaire of Gods prouidence, and prouide for himſelfe.)

Thus

21

But was what he seemed not, Satan, & would faine haue lead him

Thus on they wandred, but those holy weeds
A monstrous Serpent, and no man did couer,
So vnder greenest hearbs the Adder feeds:
And round about that stinking corps did houer
The dismall Prince of gloomie night, and ouer
His euer-damned head the Shadowes err'd
Of thousand peccant ghosts, vnseene, vnheard,
And all the Tyrant feares, and all the Tyrant fear'd.

22

He was the Sonne of blackest Acheron,
Whear many frozen soules doe chattring lie,
And rul'd the burning waues of Phlegethon,
Whear many more in flaming sulphur frie,
At once compel'd to liue and forc't to die,
Whear nothing can be heard for the loud crie
Of oh, and ah, and out alas that I
Or once againe might liue, or once at length might die.

23

1. To Desperation, characterd by his place,

Ere long they came neere to a balefull bowre,
Much like the mouth of that infernall caue,
That gaping stood all Commers to deuoure,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy graue,
That still for carrion carkasses doth craue.
The ground no hearbs, but venomous did beare,
Nor ragged trees did leaue, but euery whear
Dead bones, and skulls wear cast, and bodies hanged wear.

24

Vpon the roofe the bird of sorrowe sat
Elonging ioyfull day with her sad note,
And through the shady aire, the fluttring bat
Did wane her leather sayles, and blindely flote,

While with her wings the fatall Shreechowle smote
Th' vnblessed house, thear, on a craggy stone,
Celeno hung, and made his direfull mone,
And all about the murdered ghosts did shreek, and grone,

25

Like clowdie moonshine, in some shadowie groue,
Such was the light in which DESPAIRE did dwell,
But he himselfe with night for darkenesse stroue.
His blacke vncombed locks dishevell'd fell
About his face, through which, as brands of hell,
Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glowe,
That made him deadly looke, their glimpse did showe
Like Cockatrices eyes, that sparks of poyson throwe.

Countenance, Apparell, horrible apparitions, &c.

26

His cloaths wear ragged clouts, with thornes pind fast,
And as he musing lay, to stonie fright
A thousand wilde Chimera's would him cast:
As when a fearefull dreame, in mid'st of night,
Skips to the braine, and phansies to the sight
Some winged furie, strait the hasty foot,
Eger to flie, cannot plucke vp his root,
The voyce dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes without boot.

27

Now he would dreame that he from heauen fell,
And then would snatch the ayre, afraid to fall;
And now he thought he sinking was to hell,
And then would grasp the earth, and now his stall
Him seemed hell, and then he out would crawle,
And euer, as he crept, would squint aside,
Lest him, perhaps, some Furie had espide,
And then, alas, he should in chaines for euer bide.

28

Therefore he softly shrunke, and stole away,
Ne euer durst to drawe his breath for feare,
Till to the doore he came, and thear he lay
Panting for breath, as though he dying were,
And still he thought, he felt their craples teare
Him by the heels backe to his ougly denne,
Out faine he would haue leapt abroad, but then
The heau'n, as hell, he fear'd, that punish guilty men.

29

Within the gloomie hole of this pale wight
The Serpent woo'd him with his charmes to inne,
Thear he might baite the day, and rest the night,
But vnder that same baite a fearefull grin
Was readie to intangle him in sinne.
But he vpon ambrosia daily fed,
That grew in Eden, thus he answered,
So both away wear caught, and to the Temple fled.

30

Well knewe our Sauiour this the Serpent was,
And the old Serpent knewe our Sauiour well,
Neuer did any this in falshood passe,
Neuer did any him in truth excell:
With him we fly to heau'n, from heau'n we fell
With him: but nowe they both togeather met
Vpon the sacred pinnacles, that threat
With their aspiring tops, Astræas starrie seat.

31

2. To Presumption, characterd by her place,

Here did PRESVMPTION her pauillion spread,
Ouer the Temple, the bright starres among,
(Ah that her foot should trample on the head
Of that most reuerend place!) and a lewd throng

Of wanton boyes sung her a pleasant song
Of loue, long life, of mercie, and of grace,
And euery one her deerely did embrace,
And she herselfe enamour'd was of her owne face.

Attendants, &c.

32

A painted face, belied with vermeyl store,
Which light Eüelpis euery day did trimme,
That in one hand a guilded anchor wore,
Not fixed on the rocke, but on the brimme
Of the wide aire she let it loosely swimme:
Her other hand a sprinkle carried,
And euer, when her Ladie wauered,
Court-holy water all vpon her sprinkeled.

33

Poore foole, she thought herselfe in wondrous price
With God, as if in Paradise she wear,
But, wear shee not in a fooles paradise,
She might haue seene more reason to despere:
But him she, like some ghastly fiend, did feare,
And therefore as that wretch hew'd out his cell
Vnder the bowels, in the heart of hell,
So she aboue the Moone, amid the starres would dwell.

34

Her Tent with sunny cloudes was seel'd aloft,
And so exceeding shone with a false light,
That heau'n it selfe to her it seemed oft,
Heau'n without cloudes to her deluded sight,
But cloudes withouten heau'n it was aright,
And as her house was built, so did her braine
Build castles in the aire, with idle paine,
But heart she neuer had in all her body vaine.

35

Like as a ship, in which no ballance lies,
Without a Pilot, on the sleeping waues,
Fairely along with winde, and water flies,
And painted masts with silken sayles embraues,
That Neptune selfe the bragging vessell saues,
To laugh a while at her so proud aray;
Her wauing streamers loosely shee lets play,
And flagging colours shine as bright as smiling day:

36

But all so soone as heau'n his browes doth bend,
Shee veils her banners, and pulls in her beames,
The emptie barke the raging billows send
Vp to th' Olympique waues, and Argus seemes
Againe to ride vpon our lower streames:
Right so PRESVMPTION did her selfe behaue,
Tossed about with euery stormie waue,
And in white lawne shee went, most like an Angel braue.

37

And by her Temptation.

Gently our Sauiour shee began to shrive,
Whither he wear the Sonne of God, or no;
For any other shee disdeign'd to wive:
And if he wear, shee bid him fearles throw
Himselfe to ground, and thearwithall did show
A flight of little Angels, that did wait
Vpon their glittering wings, to latch him strait,
And longed on their backs to feele his glorious weight.

38

But when she saw her speech prevailed nought,
Her selfe she tombled headlong to the flore:
But him the Angels on their feathers caught,
And to an ayrie mountaine nimbly bore,

Whose snowie shoulders, like some chaulkie shore,
Restles Olympus seem'd to rest vpon
With all his swimming globes: so both are gone,
The Dragon with the Lamb. Ah, vnmeet Paragon.

3. To Vaine-Glorie.

39

All suddenly the hill his snowe deuours,
In liew whereof a goodly garden grew,
As if the snow had melted into flow'rs,
Which their sweet breath in subtill vapours threw,
That all about perfumed spirits flew.
For what so euer might aggrate the sense,
In all the world, or please the appetence,
Heer it was powred out in lavish affluence.

Poetically describ'd from the place where her court stood. A garden.

40

Not louely Ida might with this compare,
Though many streames his banks besilvered,
Though Xanthus with his golden sands he bare,
Nor Hibla, though his thyme depastured,
As fast againe with honie blossomed.
Ne Rhodope, ne Tempes flowrie playne,
Adonis garden was to this but vayne,
Though Plato on his beds a flood of praise did rayne.

41

For in all these, some one thing most did grow,
But in this one, grew all things els beside,
For sweet varietie herselfe did throw
To euery banke, here all the ground she dide
In lillie white, there pinks eblazed wide;
And damask't all the earth, and here shee shed
Blew violets, and there came roses red,
And euery sight the yeelding sense, as captiue led.

35

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Without a Pilot, on the sleeping waues,
Fairely along with winde, and water flies,
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Shee veils her banners, and pulls in her beames,
The emptie barke the raging billows send
Vp to th' Olympique waues, and Argus seemes
Againe to ride vpon our lower streames:
Right so PRESVMPTION did her selfe behaue,
Tossed about with euery stormie waue,
And in white lawne shee went, most like an Angel braue.

37

And by her Temptation.

Gently our Sauiour shee began to shrive,
Whither he wear the Sonne of God, or no;
For any other shee disdeign'd to wive:
And if he wear, shee bid him fearles throw
Himselfe to ground, and thearwithall did show
A flight of little Angels, that did wait
Vpon their glittering wings, to latch him strait,
And longed on their backs to feele his glorious weight.

38

But when she saw her speech prevailed nought,
Her selfe she tombled headlong to the flore:
But him the Angels on their feathers caught,
And to an ayrie mountaine nimbly bore,

Whose snowie shoulders, like some chaulkie shore,
Restles Olympus seem'd to rest vpon
With all his swimming globes: so both are gone,
The Dragon with the Lamb. Ah, vnmeet Paragon.

3. To Vaine-Glorie.

39

All suddenly the hill his snowe deuours,
In liew whereof a goodly garden grew,
As if the snow had melted into flow'rs,
Which their sweet breath in subtill vapours threw,
That all about perfumed spirits flew.
For what so euer might aggrate the sense,
In all the world, or please the appetence,
Heer it was powred out in lavish affluence.

Poetically describ'd from the place where her court stood. A garden.

40

Not louely Ida might with this compare,
Though many streames his banks besilvered,
Though Xanthus with his golden sands he bare,
Nor Hibla, though his thyme depastured,
As fast againe with honie blossomed.
Ne Rhodope, ne Tempes flowrie playne,
Adonis garden was to this but vayne,
Though Plato on his beds a flood of praise did rayne.

41

For in all these, some one thing most did grow,
But in this one, grew all things els beside;
For sweet varietie herselfe did throw
To euery banke, here all the ground she dide
In lillie white, there pinks eblazed wide;
And damask't all the earth, and here shee shed
Blew violets, and there came roses red,
And euery sight the yeelding sense, as captiue led.

42

The garden like a Ladie faire was cut,
That lay as if shee slumber'd in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of heau'n wear sembled right
In a large round, set with the flowr's of light,
The flowr's-de-luce, and the round sparks of deaw,
That hung vpon their azure leaues, did shew
Like twinkling starrs, that sparkle in th'eau'ning blew.

43

Vpon a hillie banke her head shee cast,
On which the bowre of Vaine-Delight was built,
White, and red roses for her face wear plac't,
And for her tresses Marigolds wear spilt:
Them broadly shee displaid, like flaming guilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day wear drown'd,
Then vp againe her yellow locks she wound,
And with greene fillets in their prettie calls them bound.

44

What should I here depeint her lillie hand,
Her veines of violets, her ermine brest,
Which thear in orient colours liuing stand,
Or how her gowne with silken leaues is drest;
Or how her watchmen, arm'd with boughie crest,
A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears,
Shaking at euery winde their leauie spears,
While she supinely sleeps, ne to be waked fears?

45

Ouer the hedge depends the graping Elme,
Whose greener head, empurpuled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloodie helme,
And halfe suspect the bunches of the vine,

Least they, perhaps, his wit should vndermine.
For well he knewe such fruit he never bore:
But her weake armes embraced him the more,
And with her ruby grapes laught at her paramour.

46

Vnder the shadowe of these drunken elmes
A Fountaine rose, where Pangloretta vses,
(When her some flood of fancie ouerwhelms,
And one of all her fauourites she chuses)
To bath herselfe, whom she in lust abuses,
And from his wanton body sucks his soule,
Which drown'd in pleasure, in that shaly bowle,
And swimming in delight, doth amarously rowle.

47

The font of siluer was, and so his showrs
In siluer fell, onely the guilded bowles
(Like to a fornace, that the min'rall powres)
Seem'd to haue moul't it in their shining holes:
And on the water, like to burning coles,
On liquid siluer, leaues of roses lay:
But when PANGLORIE here did list to play,
Rose water then it ranne, and milke it rain'd they say.

48

The roose thicke cloudes did paint, from which three boyes
Three gaping mermaides with their eawrs did feede,
Whose brests let fall the streame, with sleepie noise,
To Lions mouths, from whence it leapt with speede,
And in the rosie lauer seem'd to bleed.
The naked boyes vnto the waters fall,
Their stonie nightingales had taught to call,
When Zephyr breath'd into their watry interall.

49

And all about, embayed in soft sleepe,
A heard of charmed beasts aground wear spread,
Which the faire Witch in goulden chaines did keepe,
And them in willing bondage fettered,
Once men they liu'd, but now the men were dead,
And turn'd to beasts, so fabled Homer old,
That Circe, with her potion, charm'd in gold,
Vs'd manly soules in beastly bodies to immould.

50

From her Court, and Courtiers. 1. Pleasure in drinking.

Through this false Eden, to his Lemans bowre,
(Whome thousand soules deuoutly idolize)
Our first destroyer led our Sauiour.
Thear in the lower roome, in solemne wise,
They daunc't a round, and powr'd their sacrifice
To plumpe Lyæus, and among the rest,
The jolly Priest, in yuie garlands drest,
Chaunted wild Orgialls, in honour of the feast.

51

Others within their arbours swilling sat,
(For all the roome about was arboured)
With laughing Bacchus, that was growne so fat,
That stand he could not, but was carried,
And euery euening freshly watered,
To quench his fierie cheeks, and all about
Small cocks broke through the wall, and sallied out
Flaggons of wine, to set on fire that spueing rout.

52

This their inhumed soules esteem'd their wealths,
To crowne the bouzing kan from day to night,
And sicke to drinke themselues with drinking healths,
Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.

Hence to a loft, carv'd all in yvorie white, in Luxurie.
They came, whear whiter Ladies naked went,
Melted in pleasure, and soft languishment,
And sunke in beds of roses, amourous glaunces sent.

53

Flie, flie thou holy child that wanton roome,
And thou my chaster Muse those harlots shun,
And with him to a higher storie come, 2. Avarice.
Whear mounts of gold, and flouds of siluer run,
The while the owners, with their wealth vndone,
Starve in their store, and in their plentie pine,
Tumbling themselues vpon their heaps of mine.
Glutting their famish't soules with the deceitfull shine.

54

Ah, who was he such pretious perills found?
How strongly Nature did her treasures hide;
And threw vpon them mountains of thicke ground,
To darke their orie lustre; but queint Pride
Hath taught her Sonnes to wound their mothers side,
And gage the depth, to search for flaring shells,
In whose bright bosome spumie Bacchus swells,
That neither heau'n, nor earth henceforth in safetie dwells.

55

O sacred hunger of the greedie eye,
Whose neede hath end, but no end covetise,
Emptie in fulnes, rich in pouertie,
That hauing all things, nothing can suffice,
How thou befancie'st the men most wise?
The poore man would be rich, the rich man great,
The great man King, the King, in Gods owne seat
Enthron'd, with mortal arme dares flames, and thunder threat.

56

3. Ambitious honour.

Therefore aboue the reſt Ambition ſat:
His Court with glitterant pearle was all enwall'd,
And round about the wall in chaires of State,
And moſt maieſtique ſplendor, wear enſtall'd
A hundred Kings, whoſe temples wear impal'd
In goulden diadems, ſet here, and thear
With diamounds, and gemmed euery whear,
And of their golden virges none diſceptred wear.

57

From her throne.

High ouer all, *Panglories* blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of chriſtall wrought,
Like Phæbus lampe in midſt of heauen, ſhone:
Whoſe ſtarry top, with pride infernall fraught,
Selfe-arching columns to vphold wear taught:
In which, her Image ſtill reflected was
By the ſmooth chriſtall, that moſt like her glaſſe,
In beauty, and in frailtie, did all others paſſe.

58

A Siluer wande the ſorcereſſe did ſway,
And, for a crowne of gold, her haire ſhe wore,
Onely a garland of roſebuds did play
About her locks, and in her hand, ſhe bore
A hollowe globe of glaſſe, that long before,
She full of emptineſſe had bladdered,
And all the world therein depictured,
Whoſe colours, like the rainebowe, euer vaniſhed.

59

Such watry orbicles young boyes doe blowe
Out from their ſopy ſnells, and much admire
The ſwimming world, which tenderly they rowe
With eaſie breath, till it be waued higher,

But if they chaunce but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when she came, she gan for musique call,
And sung this wooing song, to welcome him withall.

From her temptation.

Loue is the blossome whear thear blowes
Euery thing, that liues, or growes,
Loue doth make the heau'ns to moue,
And the Sun doth burne in loue;
Loue the strong, and weake doth yoke,
And makes the yuie climbe the oke,
Vnder whose shadowes Lions wilde,
Soft'ned by Loue, growe tame, and mild;
Loue no med'cine can appease,
He burnes the fishes in the seas,
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench;
Loue did make the bloody spear
Once a leuie coat to wear,
While in his leaues thear shrouded lay
Sweete birds, for loue, that sing, and play;
And of all loues ioyfull flame,
I the bud, and blossome am.
Onely bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooeing, shall thy winning be.

See, see the flowers that belowe,
Now as fresh as morning blowe,
And of all, the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora showes,
How they all vnleaued die,
Loosing their virgintie:
Like vnto a summer-shade,
But now borne, and now they fade.

Euery thing doth passe away,
Thear is danger in delay,
Come, come gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sande of Tagus shore
Into my bosome casts his ore;
All the valleys swimming corne
To my house is yeerely borne;
Euery grape, of euery vine
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine,
While ten thousand kings, as proud,
To carry vp my traine, haue bow'd,
And a world of Ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me:
All the starres in heau'n that shine,
And ten thousand more, are mine:
Onely bend thy knee to mee,
Thy wooing shall thy winning bee.

60

Thus sought the dire Enchauntress in his minde
Her guilefull bayt to haue embosomed,
But he her charmes dispersed into winde,
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optique glasses shattered.
So with her Syre to hell shee tooke her flight,
(The starting ayre flew from the damned spright,)
Whear deeply both aggriev'd, plunged themselues in night.

The effect of this victorie in Satan.

61

The Angels.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heauenly volie of light Angels flew,
And from his Father him a banquet brought,
Through the fine element, for well they knew,

After his lenten fast, he hungrie grew,
And, as he fed, the holy quires combine
To sing a hymne of the celestiall Trine;
All thought to passe, and each was past all thought divine.

62

The birds sweet notes, to sonnet out their ioyes,
Attemper'd to the layes Angelicall,
And to the birds, the winds attune their noyse,
And to the winds, the waters hoarcely call,
And Eccho back againe revoyced all,
That the whole valley rung with victorie.
But now our Lord to rest doth homewards flie:
See how the Night comes stealing from the mountains high.

The Creatures.

BRITISH MUSEUM

CHRISTS TRIVMPH O-

uer and after death.

Vincenti dabitur.

Printed by C. Legge. 1610.

CHRISTS TRIVMPH over Death.

BRITISH MUSEUM

1

SO downe the siluer streames of Eridan,
On either side bank't with a lilly wall,
Whiter then both, rides the triumphant Swan,
And sings his dirge, and propheſies his fall,
Diuing into his wattrie funerall:
But Eridan to Cedron muſt ſubmit
His flowry ſhore, nor can he enuie it,
If when Apollo ſings, his ſwans doe ſilent ſit.

Christs Tryumph ouer death, on the croſſe, expreſt. 1. in generall by his ioy to vndergoe it: ſinging before he went to the garden, Mat. 26. 30.

2

That heau'nly voice I more delight to heare,
Then gentle ayres to breath, or ſwelling waues
Againſt the ſounding rocks their boſomes teare,
Or whiſtling reeds, that rutty Iordan laues,
And with their verdure his white head embraues,
To chide the windes, or hiuing bees, that flie
About the laughing bloſsms of ſallowie,
Rocking aſleepe the idle groomes that lazie lie.

3

And yet, how can I heare thee ſinging goe,
When men incenſ'd with hate, thy death foreſet?
Or els, why doe I heare thee ſighing ſo,
When thou, inflam'd with loue, their life doeſt get?
That Loue, and hate, and ſighs, and ſongs are met;
But thus, and onely thus thy loue did craue,
To ſende thee ſinging for vs to thy graue,
While we ſought thee to kill, and thou ſought'ſt vs to ſaue.

4

By his griefe in the vndergoing it.

When I remember Chriſt our burden beares,
I looke for glorie, but finde miſerie;
I looke for ioy, but finde a ſea of teares;
I looke that we ſhould liue, and finde him die;
I looke for Angels ſongs, and heare him crie:
Thus what I looke, I cannot finde ſo well,
Or rather, what I finde, I cannot tell,
Theſe bankes ſo narrowe are, thoſe ſtreames ſo highly ſwell.

5

Chriſt ſuffers, and in this, his teares begin,
Suffers for vs, and our ioy ſprings in this,
Suffers to death, here is his Manhood ſeen,
Suffers to riſe, and here his Godhead is.
For Man, that could not by himſelfe haue riſ,
Out of the graue doth by the Godhead riſe,
And God, that could not die, in Manhood dies,
That we in both might liue, by that ſweete ſacrifice.

6

Goe giddy braines, whoſe witts are thought ſo freſh,
Plucke all the flowr's that Nature forth doth throwe,
Goe ſticke them on the cheekes of wanton fleſh;
Poore idol, (forc't atonce to fall and growe)

Of fading roſes, and of melting ſnowe:
Your ſongs exceede your matter, this of mine,
The matter, which it ſings, ſhall make diuine,
As ſtarres dull puddles guild, in which their beauties ſhine.

7

Who doth not ſee drown'd in Deucalions name,
(When earth his men, and ſea had loſt his ſhore)
Old Noah; and in Niſus lock, the ſame
Of Sampſon yet aliue; and long before
In Phaethons, mine owne fall I deplore:
But he that conquer'd hell, to fetch againe
His virgin widowe, by a ſerpent ſlaine,
Another Orpheus was then dreaming poets feigne.

By the obſcure fables of the Gentiles, typing it.

8

That taught the ſtones to melt for paſſion,
And dormant ſea, to heare him, ſilent lie,
And at his voice, the watrie nation
To flocke, as if they deem'd it cheape, to buy
With their owne deaths his ſacred harmonie:
The while the waues ſtood ſtill to heare his ſong,
And ſteadie ſhore wau'd with the reeling throng
Of thirſtie ſoules, that hung vpon his fluent tongue.

9

What better friendſhip, then to couer ſhame?
What greater loue, then for a friend to die?
Yet this is better to aſſelf the blame,
And this is greater, for an enemie:
But more then this, to die, not ſuddenly,
Not with ſome common death, or eaſie paine,
But ſlowely, and with torments to be ſlaine,
O depth, without a depth, farre better ſeene, then ſaine!

By the cauſe of it in him, his Loue.

10

By the effect it should haue in vs.

And yet the Sonne is humbled for the Slaue,
And yet the Slaue is proude before the Sonne:
Yet the Creator for his creature gaue
Himselfe, and yet the creature hasts to runne
From his Creator, and self-good doth shunne:
And yet the Prince, and God himselfe doth crie
To Man, his Traitour, pardon not to flie,
Yet Man his God, and Traytour doth his Prince defie.

11

Who is it sees not that he nothing is,
But he that nothing sees; what weaker breast,
Since Adams Armour fail'd, dares warrant his?
That made by God of all his creatures best,
Strait made himselfe the woorst of all the rest:
" If any strength we haue, it is to ill,
" But all the good is Gods, both pow'r, and will:
The dead man cannot rise, though he himselfe may kill.

12

But let the thorny schools these punctualls
Of wills, all good, or bad, or neuter diss;
Such ioy we gained by our parentalls,
That good, or bad, whither I cannot wiss,
To call it a mishap, or happy miss
That fell from Eden, and to heau'n did rise:
Albee the mitred Card'nall more did prize
His part in Paris, then his part in Paradise.

13

By the instrument, the cursed Tree,

A Tree was first the instrument of strife,
Whear Eue to sinne her soule did prostitute,
A Tree is now the instrument of life,
Though ill that trunke, and this faire body suit:

Ah, curſed tree, and yet O bleſſed fruit!
That death to him, this life to vs doth giue:
Strange is the cure, when things paſt cure reviue,
And the Phyſitian dies, to make his patient liue.

14

Sweete Eden was the arbour of delight,
Yet in his hony flowr's our poyſon blew;
Sad Gethſeman the bowre of baleſull night,
Whear Chriſt a health of poiſon for vs drewe,
Yet all our hony in that poyſon grewe:
So we from ſweeteſt flowr's, could ſucke our bane,
And Chriſt from bitter venome, could againe
Extract life out of death, and pleaſure out of paine.

2. expreſt in particular, 1. by his fore-paſſion in the Garden.

15

A Man was firſt the author of our fall,
A Man is now the author of our riſe,
A Garden was the place we periſht all,
A Garden is the place he payes our price,
And the old Serpent with a newe deuiſe,
Hath found a way himſelfe for to beguile,
So he, that all men tangled in his wile,
Is now by one man caught, beguil'd with his owne guile.

16

The dewie night had with her froſtie ſhade
Immant'led all the world, and the ſtiffe ground
Sparkled in yce, onely the Lord, that made
All for himſelfe, himſelfe diſſolved found,
Sweat without heat, and bled without a wound:
Of heau'n, and earth, and God, and Man forlore,
Thrice begging helpe of thoſe, whoſe ſinnes he bore,
And thrice denied of thoſe, not to denie had ſwore.

17

Yet had he beene alone of God forſaken,
Or had his bodie beene imbroyl'd alone
In fierce aſſault, he might, perhaps, haue taken
Some ioy in ſoule, when all ioy els was gone,
But that with God, and God to heau'n is flow'n;
And Hell it ſelfe out from her graue doth riſe,
Black as the ſtarles night, and with them flies,
Yet blacker then they both, the Sonne of blaſphemies.

18

As when the Planets, with vnkind aſpect,
Call from her caues the meager peſtilence,
The ſacred vapour, eager to infect,
Obeyes the voyce of the ſad influence,
And vomits vp a thouſand noyſome ſents,
The well of life, flaming his golden flood
With the ſicke ayre, fevers the boyling blood,
And poiſons all the bodie with contagious food.

19

The bold Phyſitian, too incautelous,
By thoſe he cures, himſelfe is murdered,
Kindnes infects, pitie is dangerous,
And the poore infant, yet not fully bred,
Thear where he ſhould be borne, lies buried:
So the darke Prince, from his infernall cell,
Caſts vp his grieſly Torturers of hell,
And whets them to revenge, with this inſulting ſpell.

20

See how the world ſmiles in eternall peace;
While we, the harmles brats, and ruſtie throng
Of Night, our ſnakes in curles doe pranke, and dreſſe:
Why ſleepe our drouzie ſcorpions ſo long?

Whear is our wonted vertue to doe wrong?
Are we our ſelues; or are we Graces growen?
The Sonnes of hell, or heau'n? was neuer knowne
Our whips ſo ouer-moſs't, and brands ſo deadly blowne.

21

O long deſired, neuer hop't for howre,
When our Tormentour ſhall our torments feele!
Arme, arme your ſelues, ſad Dires of my pow'r,
And make our Iudge for pardon to vs kneele,
Sliſe, launch, dig, teare him with your whips of ſteele:
My ſelfe in honour of ſo noble prize,
Will powre you reaking blood, ſhed with the cries
Of haſtie heyres, who their owne fathers ſacrifice.

22

With that a flood of poyſon, blacke as hell,
Out from his filthy gorge, the beaſt did ſpue,
That all about his bleſſed bodie fell,
And thouſand flaming ſerpents hiſſing flew
About his ſoule, from helliſh ſulphur threw,
And euery one brandiſht his fierie tongue,
And woorming all about his ſoule they clung,
But he their ſtings tore out, and to the ground them flung.

23

So haue I ſeene a rocks heroique breſt,
Againſt proud Neptune, that his ruin threats,
When all his waues he hath to battle preſt,
And with a thouſand ſwelling billows beats
The ſtubborne ſtone, and foams, and chafes, and frets
To heaue him from his root, vnmooued ſtand;
And more in heapes the barking ſurges band,
The more in pieces beat, flie weeping to the ſtrand.

24

So may wee oft a vent'rous father see,
To please his wanton sonne, his onely ioy,
Coast all about, to catch the roving bee,
And stung himselfe, his busie hands employ
To saue the honie, for the gamesome boy:
Or from the snake her rank'rous teeth erace,
Making his child the toothles Serpent chace,
Or, with his little hands, her tum'rous gorge embrace.

25

Thus Christ himselfe to watch, and sorrow giues,
While, deaw'd in easie sleepe, dead Peter lies;
Thus Man in his owne graue securely liues,
While Christ aliue, with thousand horrours dies,
Yet more for theirs, then his owne pardon cries:
No sinnes he had, yet all our sinnes he bare,
So much doth God for others euills care,
And yet so careles men for their owne euills are.

By his passion it selfe, amplified, 1. from the generall causes.

26

See drouzie Peter, see whear Iudas wakes,
Whear Iudas kisses him whom Peter flies:
O kisse more deadly then the sting of snakes!
False loue more hurtfull then true injuries!
Aye me! how deerly God his Seruant buies?
For God his man, at his owne blood doth hold,
And Man his God, for thirtie pence hath sold.
So tinne for siluer goes, and dunghill drosse for gold.

27

Yet was it not enough for Sinne to chuse
A Seruant, to betray his Lord to them;
But that a Subiect must his King accuse,
But that a Pagan must his God condemne,

ut that a Father must his Sonne contemne,
But that the Sonne must his owne death desire,
That Prince, and People, Seruant, and the Sire,
entil, and Iewe, and he against himselfe conspire?

28

Was this the oyle, to make thy Saints adore thee, Parts, and
he froathy spittle of the rascall throng?
r these the virges, that ar borne before thee,
ase whipps of corde, and knotted all along?
s this thy golden scepter, against wrong,
A reedie cane? is that the crowne adornes
Thy shining locks, a crowne of spiny thornes?
r theas the Angels himns, the Priests blasphemous scornes?

29

Who euer sawe Honour before asham'd; Effects of it.
fflicted Maiestie, debased height;
nnocence guiltie, Honestie defam'd;
ibertie bound, Health sick, the Sunne in night?
ut since such wrong was offred vnto right,
Our night is day, our sicknes health is growne,
Our shame is veild, this now remaines alone
or vs, since he was ours, that wee bee not our owne.

30

ight was ordeyn'd for rest; and not for paine, 1. From the particular causes.
ut they, to paine their Lord, their rest contemne,
ood lawes to saue, what bad men would haue slaine,
nd not bad Iudges, with one breath, by them
he innocent to pardon, and condemne:
Death for reuenge of murderers, not decaie
Of guiltles blood, but now, all headlong sway
ans Murderer to saue, mans Sauiour to slaie.

31

Fraile Multitude, whose giddy lawe is list,
And best applause is windy flattering,
Most like the breath of which it doth consist,
No sooner blowne, but as soone vanishing,
As much desir'd, as little profiting,
That makes the men that haue it oft as light,
As those that giue it, which the proud inuite,
And feare: the bad mans friend, the good mans hypocrite,

32

Parts, and

It was but now their sounding clamours sung,
Blessed is he, that comes from the most high,
And all the mountaines with Hosanna rung,
And nowe, away with him, away they crie,
And nothing can be heard but crucifie:
It was but now, the Crowne it selfe they saue,
And golden name of King vnto him gaue,
And nowe, no King, but onely Cæsar, they will haue:

33

It was but now they gathered blooming May,
And of his armes disrob'd the branching tree,
To strowe with boughs, and blossomes all thy way,
And now, the branchlesse truncke a crosse for thee,
And May, dismai'd, thy coronet must be:
It was but now they wear so kind, to throwe
Their owne best garments, whear thy feet should goe,
And now, thy selfe they strip, and bleeding wounds they show

34

See whear the author of all life is dying:
O fearefull day! he dead, what hope of liuing?
See whear the hopes of all our liues are buying:
O chearfull day! they bought, what feare of grieuing?

Loue loue for hate, and death for life is giuing:
Loe how his armes are ſtretch't abroad to grace thee,
And, as they open ſtand, call to embrace thee,
Why ſtai'ſt thou then my ſoule; ô flie, flie thither haſt thee.

35

His radious head, with ſhamefull thornes they teare,
His tender backe, with bloody whipps they rent,
His ſide, and heart they furrowe with a ſpear,
His hands, and feete, with riuing nayles they tent,
And, as to diſentrayle his ſoule they meant,
They iolly at his griefe, and make their game,
His naked body to expoſe to ſhame,
That all might come to ſee, and all might ſee, that came.

36

Whereat the heau'n put out his guiltie eye, Effects of it in heauen.
That durſt behold ſo execrable ſight,
And ſabled all in blacke the ſhadie skie,
And the pale ſtarres, ſtrucke with vnwonted fright,
Quenched their euerlaſting lamps in night:
And at his birth as all the ſtarres heau'n had,
Wear not enough, but a newe ſtar was made,
So now both newe, and old, and all away did fade.

37

The mazed Angels ſhooke their fierie wings, in the heauenly Spirits.
Readie to lighten vengeance from Gods throne,
One downe his eyes vpon the Manhood flings,
Another gazes on the Godhead, none
But ſurely thought his wits wear not his owne:
Some flew, to looke if it wear very hee,
But, when Gods arme vnarmed they did ſee,
Albee they ſawe it was, they vow'd it could not bee.

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38

in the Creatures subcœlestiall.

The sadded aire hung all in cheereleſſe blacke,
Through which, the gentle windes soft sighing flewe,
And Iordan into such huge sorrowe brake,
(As if his holy streame no measure knewe,)
That all his narrowe bankes he ouerthrewe,
The trembling earth with horrour inly shooke,
And stubborne stones, such griefe vnus'd to brooke,
Did burst, and ghosts awaking from their graues gan looke.

39

The wise Philosopher cried, all agast,
The God of nature surely languished,
The sad Centurion cried out as fast,
The Sonne of God, the Sonne of God was dead,

In the wicked Iewes.

The headlong Iew hung downe his pensiue head,
And homewards far'd, and euer, as he went,
He smote his brest, halfe desperately bent,
The verie woods, and beasts did seeme his death lament.

40

In Iudas.

The graceleſſe Traytour round about did looke,
(He lok't not long, the Deuill quickely met him)
To finde a halter, which he found, and tooke,
Onely a gibbet nowe he needes must get him,
So on a wither'd tree he fairly set him,
And helpt him fit the rope, and in his thought
A thousand furies, with their whippes, he brought,
So thear he stands, readie to hell to make his vault.

41

For him a waking bloodhound, yelling loude,
That in his bosome long had sleeping layde,
A guiltie Conscience, barking after blood,
Pursued eagerly, ne euer stai'd,

Till the betrayers selfe it had betray'd.
Oft chang'd he place, in hope away to winde,
But change of place could neuer change his minde,
Himselfe he flies to loose, and followes for to finde.

42

Thear is but two wayes for this soule to haue,
When parting from the body, forth it purges,
To flie to heau'n, or fall into the graue,
Where whippes of scorpions, with the stinging scourges,
feed on the howling ghosts, and firie Surges
Of brimstone rowle about the caue of night,
Where flames doe burne, and yet no sparke of light,
And fire both fries, and freezes the blaspheming spright.

43

Thear lies the captiue soule, aye-sighing sore,
Reck'ning a thousand yeares since her first bands,
Yet staies not thear, but addes a thousand more,
And at another thousand neuer stands,
But tells to them the starres, and heapes the sands,
And now the starres are told, and sands are runne,
And all those thousand thousand myriads done,
And yet but now, alas! but now all is begunne.

44

With that a flaming brand a Furie catch'e,
And shooke, and tost it round in his wilde thought,
So from his heart all ioy, all comfort snatch'e,
With euery starre of hope, and as he sought,
(With present feare, and future griefe distraught)
To flie from his owne heart, and aide implore
Of him, the more he giues, that hath the more,
Whose storehouse is the heauens, too little for his store.

45

Stay wretch on earth, cried Satan, restles rest,
Know'st thou not Iustice liues in heau'n; or can
The worst of creatures liue among the best;
Among the blessed Angels cursed man?
Will Iudas now become a Christian?
Whither will hopes long wings transport thy minde;
Or canst thou not thy selfe a sinner finde;
Or cruell to thy selfe, wouldst thou haue Mercie kinde?

46

He gaue thee life: why shouldst thou seeke to slay him?
He lent thee wealth: to feed thy avarice?
He cal'd thee friend: what, that thou shouldst betray him?
He kist thee, though he knew his life the price:
He washt thy feet: should'st thou his sacrifice?
He gaue thee bread, and wine, his bodie, blood,
And at thy heart to enter in he stood,
But then I entred in, and all my snakie brood.

47

As when wild Pentheus, growne madde with fear,
Whole troups of hellish haggs about him spies,
Two bloodie Sunnes stalking the duskie sphear,
And twofold Thebes runs rowling in his eyes:
Or through the scene staring Orestes flies,
With eyes flung back vpon his Mothers ghost,
That, with infernall serpents all embost,
And torches quencht in blood, doth her stern sonne accost.

48

Such horrid gorgons, and misformed formes
Of damned fiends, flew dauncing in his heart,
That now, vnable to endure their stormes,
Flie, flie, he cries, thy selfe, what ere thou art,

Hell, hell alreadie burnes in euery part.
So downe into his Torturers armes he fell,
That readie stood his funeralls to yell,
And in a clowd of night to wast him quick to hell.

49

Yet oft he snacht, and started as he hung:
So when the senses halfe enslumb'red lie,
The headlong bodie, readie to be flung,
By the deluding phansie, from some high,
And craggie rock, recovers greedily,
And clasps the yeelding pillow, halfe asleepe,
And, as from heav'n it tombled to the deepe,
Feeles a cold sweat through euery trembling member creepe.

50

Thear let him hang, embowelled in blood,
Whear neuer any gentle Sheapheard feed
His blessed flocks, nor euer heav'nly flood
Fall on the cursed ground, nor holesome seed,
That may the least delight, or pleasure breed:
Let neuer Spring visit his habitation,
But nettles, kixe, and all the weedie nation,
With emptie elders grow, sad signes of desolation.

51

Thear let the Dragon keepe his habitance,
And stinking karcases be throwne avaunt,
Faunes, Sylvans, and deformed Satyrs daunce,
Wild-cats, wolues, toades, and shreechowles direly chaunt,
Thear euer let some restles spirit haunt,
With hollow sound, and clashing cheynes, to scarr
The passenger, and eyes like to the starr,
That sparkles in the crest of angrie Mars afarr.

52

But let the blessed deawes for euer showr
Vpon that ground, in whose faire fields I spie
The bloodie ensigne of our Sauiour:
Strange conquest, whear the Conquerour must die,
And he is slaine, that winns the victorie:
But he, that liuing, had no house to owe it,
Now had no graue, but Ioseph must bestowe it,
O runne ye Saints apace, and with sweete flowr's bestrowe it.

In the blessed Saints, Ioseph, &c.

53

And ye glad Spirits, that now sainted sit
On your cœlestiall thrones, in beawtie dresst,
Though I your teares recoumpt, O let not it
With after-sorrowe wound your tender brest,
Or with new griefe vnquiet your soft rest:
Inough is me your plaints to sound againe,
That neuer could inough my selfe complaine,
Sing then, O sing aloude thou Arimathean Swaine.

54

But long he stood, in his faint armes vphoulding
The fairest spoile heau'n euer forfeited,
With such a silent passion griefe vnfoulding,
That, had the sheete but on himselfe beene spread,
He for the corse might haue beene buried:
And with him stood the happie theefe, that stole
By night his owne saluation, and a shole
Of Maries drowned, round about him, sat in dole.

55

At length (kissing his lipps before he spake,
As if from thence he fetcht againe his ghost)
To Mary thus, with teares, his silence brake.
Ah woetull soule! what ioy in all our cost,

When

When him we hould, we haue alreadie loſt?
Once did'ſt thou looſe thy Sonne, but found'ſt againe,
Now find'ſt thy Sonne, but find'ſt him loſt, and ſlaine.
Ay mee! though he could death, how canſt thou life ſuſtaine?

56

Whear ere, deere Lord, thy Shadowe houereth,
Bleſſing the place, wherein it deigns abide,
Looke how the earth darke horrour couereth,
Cloathing in mournfull black her naked ſide,
Willing her ſhadowe vp to heau'n to glide,
To ſee and if it meet thee wandring thear,
That ſo, and if her ſelfe muſt miſſe thee hear,
At leaſt her ſhadow may her dutie to thee bear.

57

See how the Sunne in daytime cloudes his face,
And lagging Veſper, looſing his late teame,
Forgets in heau'n to runne his nightly race,
But, ſleeping on bright Oetas top, doeth dreame
The world a Chaos is, no ioyfull beame
Looks from his ſtarrie bowre, the heau'ns doe mone,
And Trees drop teares, leaſt we ſhould greeue alone,
The windes haue learnt to ſigh, and waters hoarcely grone.

58

And you ſweete flow'rs, that in this garden growe,
Whoſe happie ſtates a thouſand ſoules enuie,
Did you your owne felicities but knowe,
Your ſelues vnpluckt would to his funerals hie,
You neuer could in better ſeaſon die:
O that I might into your places ſlide,
The gate of heau'n ſtands gaping in his ſide,
Thear in my ſoule ſhould ſteale, and all her faults ſhould hide.

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59

Are theas the eyes, that made all others blind;
Ah why ar they themſelues now blemiſhed?
Is this the face, in which all beawtie ſhin'd;
What blaſt hath thus his flowers debelliſhed?
At theſe the feete, that on the watry head
Of the vnfaithfull Ocean paſſage found;
Why goe they now ſo lowely vnder ground, (wound?
Waſh't with our woorthles teares, and their owne precious

60

One hem but of the garments that he wore,
Could medicine whole countries of their paine,
One touch of this pale hand could life reſtore,
One word of theſe cold lips reuiue the ſlaine:
Well the blinde man thy Godhead might maintaine,
What though the ſullen Phariſes repin'd?
He that ſhould both compare, at length would finde
The blinde man onely ſawe, the Seers all wear blinde.

61

Why ſhould they thinke thee worthy to be ſlaine?
Was it becauſe thou gau'ſt their blinde men eyes;
Or that thou mad'ſt their lame to walke againe;
Or for thou heal'dſt their ſick mens maladies;
Or mad'ſt their dumbe to ſpeake; and dead to riſe?
O could all theſe but any grace haue woon,
What would they not to ſaue thy life haue done? (runne,
The dumb man would haue ſpoke, and lame man would haue

62

Let mee, O let me neere ſome fountaine lie,
That through the rocke heaues vp his ſandie head,
Or let me dwell vpon ſome mountaine high,
Whoſe hollowe root, and baſer parts ar ſpread

On fleeting waters, in his bowells bred,
That I their ſtreames, and they my teares may feed,
Or, cloathed in ſome Hermits ragged weed,
Spend all my daies, in weeping for this curſed deed.

63

The life, the which I once did loue, I leaue,
The loue, in which I once did liue, I loath,
I hate the light, that did my light bereaue,
Both loue, and life, I doe deſpiſe you both,
O that one graue might both our aſhes cloath!
A Loue, a Life, a Light I now obteine,
Able to make my Age growe young againe,
Able to ſaue the ſick, and to reuiue the ſlaine.

64

Thus ſpend we teares, that neuer can be ſpent,
On him, that ſorrow now no more ſhall ſee:
Thus ſend we ſighs, that neuer can be ſent,
To him, that died to liue, and would not be,
To be thear whear he would; here burie we
This heau'nly earth, here let it ſoftly ſleepe,
The faireſt Sheapheard of the faireſt ſheepe.
So all the bodie kiſt, and homewards went to weepe.

65

So home their bodies went, to ſeeke repoſe,
But at the graue they left their ſoules behinde;
O who the force of loue cœleſtiall knowes!
That can the cheynes of natures ſelfe vnbinde,
Sending the Bodie home, without the minde.
Ah bleſſed Virgin, what high Angels art
Can euer coumpt thy teares, or ſing thy ſmart,
When euery naile, that pierſt his hand, did pierce thy heart?

66

So Philomel, perch't on an aspin sprig,
Weeps all the night her lost virginitie,
And sings her sad tale to the merrie twig,
That daunces at such ioyfull miserie,
Ne euer lets sweet rest inuade her eye:
But leaning on a thorne her daintie chest,
For feare soft sleepe should steale into her brest,
Expresses in her song greefe not to be expresst.

67

So when the Larke, poore birde, afarre espi'th
Her yet vnfeather'd children (whom to saue
She striues in vaine) slaine by the fatall sithe,
Which from the medowe her greene locks doeth shaue,
That their warme nest is now become their graue;
The woefull mother vp to heauen springs,
And all about her plaintiue notes she flings,
And their vntimely fate most pittifully sings.

BRITISH MUSEUM

CHRISTS TRIVMPH *after Death.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

1

BVt now the second Morning, from her bowre,
Began to glister in her beames, and nowe
The roses of the day began to flowre
In th' easterne garden; for heau'ns smiling browe
Halfe insolent for ioy begunne to showe:
The early Sunne came lively dauncing out,
And the bragge lambes ranne wantoning about,
That heau'n, and earth might seeme in tryumph both to shout.

Christs Triumph after death. 1. in his Resurrection, manifested by the effects of it in the Creatures.

2

Th' engladded Spring, forgetfull now to weepe,
Began t' eblazon from her leauie bed,
The waking swallowe broke her halfe-yeares sleepe,
And euerie bush lay deepely purpured
With violets, the woods late-wintry head
Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,
And his bald trees put on their greene attire,
Among whose infant leaues the ioyeous birds conspire.

3

And now the taller Sonnes (whom Titan warmes)
Of vnshorne mountaines, blowne with easie windes,
Dandled the mornings childhood in their armes,
And, if they chaunc't to slip the prouder pines,
The vnder Corylets did catch the shines,
To guild their leaues, sawe neuer happie yeare
Such ioyfull triumph, and triumphant cheare,
As though the aged world anew created wear.

4

Say Earth, why hast thou got thee new attire,
And stick'st thy habit full of dazies red?
Seems that thou doest to some high thought aspire,
And some newe-found-out Bridegroome mean'st to wed:
Tell me ye Trees, so fresh apparelled,
So neuer let the spitefull Canker wast you,
So neuer let the heau'ns with lightening blast you,
Why goe you now so trimly dreſt, or whither hast you?

5

Answer me Iordan, why thy crooked tide
So often wanders from his neereſt way,
As though some other way thy streame would slide,
And faine salute the place where something lay?
And you sweete birds, that shaded from the ray,
Sit carolling, and piping griefe away,
The while the lambs to heare you daunce, and play,
Tell me sweete birds, what is it you so faine would say?

6

And, thou faire Spouse of Earth, that euerie yeare,
Gett'st such a numerous issue of thy bride,
How chance thou hotter shin'st, and draw'st more neere?
Sure thou somewhear some worthie sight hast spide,

That in one place for ioy thou canſt not bide:
And you dead Swallowes, that ſo liuely now
Through the flit aire your winged paſſage rowe,
How could new life into your frozen aſhes flowe?

7

Ye Primroſes, and purple violets,
Tell me, why blaze ye from your leauie bed,
And wooe mens hands to rent you from your ſets,
As though you would ſomewhear be carried,
With freſh perfumes, and velvets garniſhed?
But ah, I neede not aske, t'is ſurely ſo,
You all would to your Sauiours triumphs goe,
Thear would ye all awaite, and humble homage doe.

8

Thear ſhould the Earth herſelfe with garlands newe
And louely flowr's embelliſhed adore,
Such roſes neuer in her garland grewe,
Such lillies neuer in her breſt ſhe wore,
Like beautie neuer yet did ſhine before:
Thear ſhould the Sunne another Sunne behold,
From whence himſelfe borrowes his locks of gold,
That kindle heau'n, and earth with beauties manifold.

In himſelfe.

9

Thear might the violet, and primroſe ſweet
Beames of more liuely, and more louely grace,
Ariſing from their beds of incenſe meet;
Thear ſhould the Swallowe ſee newe life embrace
Dead aſhes, and the graue vnheale his face,
To let the liuing from his bowels creepe,
Vnable longer his owne dead to keepe:
Thear heau'n, and earth ſhould ſee their Lord awake from (ſleepe.

10

Their Lord, before by other iudg'd to die,
Nowe Iudge of all himselfe, before forsaken
Of all the world, that from his aide did flie,
Now by the Saints into their armies taken,
Before for an vnworthie man mistaken,
Nowe worthy to be God confest, before
With blasphemies by all the basest tore,
Now worshipped by Angels, that him lowe adore.

11

Whose garment was before indipt in blood,
But now, imbright'ned into beau'nly flame,
The Sun it selfe outglitters, though he should
Climbe to the toppe of the celestiall frame,
And force the starres go hide themselues for shame:
Before that vnder earth was buried,
But nowe about the heau'ns is carried,
And thear for euer by the Angels heried.

12

So fairest Phosphor the bright Morning starre,
But neewely washt in the greene element,
Before the drouzie Night is halfe aware,
Shooting his flaming locks with deaw besprent,
Springs liuely vp into the orient,
And the bright droue, fleec't all in gold, he chaces
To drinke, that on the Olympique mountaine grazes,
The while the minor Planets forfeit all their faces.

13

2. In his Ascention to heauen, whose ioyes are described,

So long he wandred in our lower spheare,
That heau'n began his cloudy starres despise,
Halfe enuious, to see on earth appeare
A greater light, then flam'd in his owne skies:

At length it burst for spight, and out thear flies
A globe of winged Angels, swift as thought,
That, on their spotted feathers, liuely caught
The sparkling Earth, and to their azure fields it brought.

14

The rest, that yet amazed stood belowe,
With eyes cast vp, as greedie to be fed,
And hands vpheld, themselues to ground did throwe,
So when the Troian boy was rauished,
As through th' Idalian woods they saie he fled,
His aged Gardians stood all dismai'd,
Some least he should haue fallen back afraid,
And some their hasty vowes, and timely prayers said.

15

Tosse vp your heads ye euerlasting gates,
And let the Prince of glorie enter in:
At whose braue voly of sideriall States,
The Sunne to blush, and starres growe pale wear seene,
When, leaping first from earth, he did begin
To climbe his Angells wings; then open hang
Your christall doores, so all the chorus sang
Of heau'nly birds, as to the starres they nimbly sprang.

16

Hearke how the floods clap their applauding hands,
The pleasant valleyes singing for delight,
And wanton Mountaines daunce about the Lands,
The while the fieldes, struck with the heau'nly light,
Set all their flowr's a smiling at the sight,
The trees laugh with their blossoms, and the sound
Of the triumphant shout of praise, that crown'd (found.
The flaming Lambe, breaking through heau'n, hath passage

17

1. By the acceſſe of all good, the bleſſed Societie of the Saints,

Out leap the antique Patriarchs, all in haſt,
To ſee the powr's of Hell in triumph lead,
And with ſmall ſtarres a garland intercha'ſt
Of oliue leaues they bore, to crowne his head,
That was before with thornes degloried,
After them flewe the Prophets, brightly ſtol'd
In ſhining lawne, and wimpled manifold,
Striking their yuorie harpes, ſtrung all in chords of gold.

18

To which the Saints victorious carolls ſung,
Ten thouſand Saints atonce, that with the ſound,
The hollow vaults of heau'n for triumph rung:
Angels, &c. The Cherubins their clamours did confound
With all the reſt, and clapt their wings around:
Downe from their thrones the Dominations flowe,
And at his feet their crownes, and ſcepters throwe,
And all the princely Soules fell on their faces lowe.

19

Nor can the Martyrs wounds them ſtay behind,
But out they ruſh among the heau'nly crowd,
Seeking their heau'n out of their heau'n to find,
Sounding their ſiluer trumpets out ſo loude,
That the ſhrill noiſe broke through the ſtarrie cloude,
And all the virgin Soules, in pure araie,
Came dauncing forth, and making ioyeous plaie;
So him they lead along into the courts of day.

20

The ſweete quiet and peace, inioyed vnder God. So him they lead into the courts of day,
Whear neuer warre, nor wounds abide him more,
But in that houſe, eternall peace doth plaie,
Acquieting the ſoules, that newe before

Their way to heav'n through their owne blood did skore,
But now, estranged from all misetie,
As farre as heau'n, and earth discoasted lie,
Swelter in quiet waues of immortalitie.

20

And if great things by smaller may be ghuest,
So, in the mid'st of Neptunes angrie tide,
Our Britan Island, like the weedie nest
Of true Halcyon, on the waues doth ride,
And softly sayling, skornes the watets pride:
While all the rest, drown'd on the continent,
And tost in bloodie waues, their wounds lament,
And stand, to see our peace, as struck with woonderment.

Shadowed by the peace we enioy vnder our Soueraigne.

21

The Ship of France religious waues doe tosse,
And Greec it selfe is now growne barbarous,
Spains Children hardly dare the Ocean crosse,
And Belges field lies wast, and ruinous,
That vnto those, the heau'ns ar invious,
And vnto them, themselues ar strangers growne,
And vnto these, the Seas ar faithles knowne,
And vnto her, alas, her owne is not her owne.

22

Here onely shut we Ianus yron gates,
And call the welcome Muses to our springs,
And ar but Pilgrims from our heav'nly states,
The while the trusty Earth sure plentie brings,
And Ships through Neptune safely spread their wings.
Goe blessed Island, wander whear thou please,
Vnto thy God, or men, heau'n, lands, or seas,
Thou canst not loose thy way, thy King with all hath peace.

The beauty of the place.

23

Deere Prince, thy Subiects ioy, hope of their heirs,
Picture of peace, or breathing Image rather,
The certaine argument of all our pray'rs,
Thy Harries, and thy Countries louely Father,
Let Peace, in endles ioyes, for euer bath her
Within thy sacred breſt, that at thy birth
Brought'ſt her with thee from heau'n, to dwell on earth,
Making our earth a heav'n, and paradiſe of mirth.

24

Let not my Liege miſdeem theſe humble laies,
As lick't with ſoft, and ſupple blandiſhment,
Or ſpoken to diſparagon his praiſe;
For though pale Cynthia, neere her brothers tent,
Soone diſappeares in the white firmament,
And giues him back the beames, before wear his,
Yet when he verges, or is hardly ris,
She the viue image of her abſent brother is.

25

Nor let the Prince of peace his beadsman blame,
That with his Stewart dares his Lord compare,
And heau'nly peace with earthly quiet ſhame:
So Pines to lowely plants compared ar,
And lightning Phœbus to a little ſtarre:
And well I wot, my rime, albee vnſmooth,
Ne, ſaies but what it meanes, ne meanes but ſooth,
Ne harmes the good, ne good to harmefull perſon doth.

26

The beauty of the place.

Gaze but vpon the houſe, whear Man embowr's:
With flowr's, and ruſhes paued is his way,
Whear all the Creatures ar his Seruitours,
The windes doe ſweepe his chambers euery day,

And cloudes doe wash his rooms, the seeling gay,
Starred aloft the guilded knobs embraue:
If such a house God to another gaue,
How shine those glittering courts, he for himselfe will haue?

27

And if a sullen cloud, as sad as night,
In which the Sunne may seeme embodied,
Depur'd of all his drosse, we see so white,
Burning in melted gold his warrie head,
Or round with yuorie edges siluered,
What lustre superexcellent will he
Lighten on those, that shall his sunneshine see,
In that all-glorious court, in which all glories be?

The Caritie (as the schoole cals it) of the Saints bodies.

28

If but one Sunne, whith his diffusiue fires,
Can paint the starres, and the whole world with light,
And ioy, and life into each heart inspires,
And euery Saint shall shine in heau'n, as bright
As doth the Sunne in his transcendent might,
(As faith may well beleeue, what Truth once sayes)
What shall so many Sunnes vnited rayes
But dazle all the eyes, that nowe in heau'n we praise?

29

Here let my Lord hang vp his conquering launce,
And bloody armour with late slaughter warme,
And looking downe on his weake Militants,
Behold his Saints, mid'st of their hot alarme,
Hang all their golden hopes vpon his arme.
And in this lower field dispacing wide, (guide,
Through windie thoughts, that would their sayles mis-
Anchor their fleshly ships fast in his wounded side.

30

Here may the Band, that now in Tryumph shines,
And that (before they wear inuested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heauenly mindes,
Pitcht round about in order glorious,
Their sunny Tents, and houses luminous,
All their eternall day in songs employing,
Ioying their ende, without ende of their ioying,
While their almightie Prince Destruction is destroying.

31

The impletion of the Appetite.

Full, yet without satietie, of that
Which whetts, and quiets greedy Appetite,
Whear neuer Sunne did rise, nor euer lat,
But one eternall day, and endles light
Giues time to those, whose time is infinite,
Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,
Beholding him, whom neuer eye could see,
And magnifying him, that cannot greater be.

32

How can such ioy as this want words to speake?
And yet what words can speake such ioy as this?
Far from the world, that might their quiet breake,
Here the glad Soules the face of beauty kisse,
Powr'd out in pleasure, on their beds of blisse.
And drunke with nectar torrents, euer hold
Their eyes on him, whose graces manifold,
The more they doe behold, the more they would behold.

33

The ioy of the senses, &c.

Their sight drinkes louely fires in at their eyes,
Their braine sweete incense with fine breath accloyes,
That on Gods sweating altar burning lies,
Their hungrie eares feede on their heau'nly noyse,

That

That Angels ſing, to tell their vntould ioyes;
Their vnderſtanding naked Truth, their wills
The all, and ſelfe-ſufficient Goodneſſe fills,
That nothing here is wanting, but the want of ills.

34

No Sorrowe nowe hangs clowding on their browe,
No bloodles Maladie empales their face,
No Age drops on their hayrs his filuer ſnowe,
No Nakedneſſe their bodies doeth embaſe,
No Pouertie themſelues, and theirs diſgrace,
No feare of death the ioy of life deuours,
No vnchaſt ſleepe their precious time deflowrs,
No loſſe, no griefe, no change waite on their winged hour's.

2. By the amotion of all euill.

35

But now their naked bodies skorne the cold,
And from their eyes ioy lookes, and laughs at paine,
The Infant wonders how he came ſo old,
And old man how he came ſo young againe;
Still reſting, though from ſleepe they ſtill refraine,
Whear all are rich, and yet no gold they owe,
And all are Kings, and yet no Subiects knowe,
All full, and yet no time on foode they doe beſtowe.

36

For things that paſſe are paſt, and in this field,
The indeficient Spring no Winter feares,
The Trees together fruit, and bloſſome yeild,
Th' vnfading Lilly leaues of filuer beares,
And crimſon roſe a skarlet garment weares:
And all of theſe on the Saints bodies growe,
Not, as they woont, on baſer earth belowe;
Three riuers heer of milke, and wine, and honie flowe.

By the acceſſe of all good againe

37

in the glorie of the Holy Cittie.

About the holy Cittie rowles a flood
Of moulten chrystall, like a sea of glasse,
On which weake streame a strong foundation stood,
Of liuing Diamounds the building was,
That all things else, besides it selfe, did passe,
Her streetes, in stead of stones, the starres did paue,
And little pearles, for dust, it seem'd to haue,
On which soft-streaming Manna, like pure snowe, did w

38

in the beatificall vision of God.

In mid'st of this Cittie cœlestiall,
Whear the eternall Temple should haue rose,
Light'ned th' Idea Beatificall:
End, and beginning of each thing that growes,
Whose selfe no end, nor yet beginning knowes,
That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to heare,
Yet sees, and heares, and is all-eye, all-eare,
That no whear is contain'd, and yet is euery whear.

39

Changer of all things, yet immutable,
Before, and after all, the first, and last,
That mouing all, is yet immoueable,
Great without quantitie, in whose forecast,
Things past are present, things to come are past,
Swift without motion, to whose open eye
The hearts of wicked men vnbrested lie,
At once absent, and present to them, farre, and nigh.

40

It is no flaming lustre, made of light,
No sweet concent, or well-tim'd harmonie,
Ambrosia, for to feast the Appetite,
Or flowrie odour, mixt with spicerie.

No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily,
And yet it is a kinde of inward feast,
A harmony, that sounds within the brest,
An odour, light, embrace, in which the soule doth rest.

41

A heav'nly feast, no hunger can consume,
A light vnseene, yet shines in euery place,
A sound, no time can steale, a sweet perfume,
No windes can scatter, an intire embrace,
That no satietie can ere vnlace,
Ingrac't into so high a fauour, whear (wear,
The Saints, with their Beaw-peers, whole worlds out-
And things vnseene doe see, and things vnheard doe hear.

42

And of Christ.

Ye blessed soules, growne richer by your spoile,
Whose losse, though great, is cause of greater gaines,
Here may your weary Spirits rest from toyle,
Spending your endlesse eav'ning, that remaines,
Among those white flocks, and celestiall traines,
That feed vpon their Sheapheards eyes, and frame
That heau'nly musique of so woondrous fame,
Psalming aloude the holy honours of his name.

43

Had I a voice of steel to tune my song,
Wear euery verse as smoothly fil'd as glasse,
And euery member turned to a tongue,
And euery tongue wear made of sounding brasse,
Yet all that skill, and all this strength, alas,
Should it presume to guild, wear misadvis'd,
The place, whear Dauid hath new songs devis'd,
As in his burning throne he sits emparadis'd.

44

Most happie Prince, whose eyes those starres behould,
Treading ours vnder feet, now maist thou powre
That ouerflowing skill, whearwith of ould
Thou woont'st to combe rough speech, now maist thou show
Fresh streames of praise vpon that holy bowre,
Which well we heaven call, not that it rowles,
But that it is the hauen of our soules.
Most happie Prince, whose sight so heav'nly sight behould.

45

Ah foolish Sheapheards, that wear woont esteem,
Your God all rough, and shaggy-hair'd to bee;
And yet farre wiser Sheapheards then ye deeme,
For who so poore (though who so rich) as hee,
When, with vs hermiting in lowe degree,
He wash't his flocks in Iordans spotles tide,
And, that his deere remembrance aie might bide,
Did to vs come, and with vs liu'd, and for vs di'd?

46

But now so liuely colours did embeame
His sparkling forehead, and so shiny rayes
Kindled his flaming locks; that downe did streame
In curles, along his necke, whear sweetly playes
(Singing his wounds of loue in sacred layes)
His deerest Spouse, Spouse of the deerest Lover,
Knitting a thousand knots ouer, and ouer,
And dying still for loue, but they her still recover.

47

Faire Egliset, that at his eyes doth dresse
Her glorious face, those eyes, from whence ar shed
Infinite belamours, whear to expresse
His loue, high God all heav'n as captive leads,

And all the banners of his grace dispreads,
And in those windowes, doth his armes englaze,
And on those eyes, the Angels all doe gaze,
And from those eies, the lights of heau'n do gleane their blaze.

48

But let the Kentish lad, that lately taught
His oaten reed the trumpets siluer sound,
Young Thyrsilis, and for his musique brought
The willing sphears from heav'n, to lead a round
Of dauncing Nymphs, and Heards, that sung, and crown'd
Eclecta's hymen with ten thousand flowrs
Of choycest prayse, and hung her heav'nly bow'rs
With saffron garlands, drest for Nuptiall Paramours,

49

Let his shrill trumpet, with her siluer blast,
Of faire Eclecta, and her Spousall bed,
Be the sweet pipe, and smooth Encomiast:
But my greene Muse, hiding her younger head
Vnder old Chamus flaggy banks, that spread
Their willough locks abroad, and all the day
With their owne watry shadowes wanton play,
Dares not those high amours, and loue-sick songs assay.

50

Imporent words, weake sides, that striue in vaine,
In vaine, alas, to tell so heau'nly sight,
So heav'nly sight, as none can greater feigne,
Feigne what he can, that seemes of greatest might,
Might any yet compare with Infinite?
Infinite sure those ioyes, my words but light,
Light is the pallace whear she dwells. O blessed wight!

RVina Cœli pulchra; iam terris decus,
Deusq́; proles matris innuptæ, & pater;
Sine matre natus, sine patre excrescens caro;
Quem nec mare, æther, terra, non cœlum capit,
Vtero puellæ totus angusto latens;
Æquævus idem patri, matre antiquior;
Heu domite victor, & triumphator; tui
Opus, opifexq́, qui minor quàm sis, eò
Maior resurgis: vita, quæ mori velis,
Atq́ ergo possis: passa finem Æternitas.
Quid tibi rependam, quid tibi rependam miser?
Vt quando ocellos mollis innadit quies,
Et nocte membra plurimus Morpheus premit,
Auidè videmur velle de tergo sequens
Effugere monstrum, & plumbeos frustra pedes
Celerare; media succidimus ægri fugâ;
Solitum pigrescit robur; os quærit viam,
Sed proditurus moritur in lingua sonus:
Sic stupeo totus, totus hæresco, intuens
Et sæpe repeto, fortè si rependerem:
Solus rependit ille, qui repetit bene.

G. Fletcher.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM